

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &c.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1861.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1860. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 5160.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

USEFUL AND HANDSOME PREMIUM!

TO EVERY TWO DOLLAR SUBSCRIBER, WHO PAYS IN ADVANCE FOR 1862, AND TO EVERY PERSON WHO SENDS UP A CLUB FOR 1862, WILL BE GIVEN, OR SENT BY MAIL (postage prepaid by us) A HANDSOME COLORED MAP OF THE SLAVE-HOLDING STATES—FOUR FEET LONG BY THREE FEET BROAD!

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year,	\$2.00
" " " " " " " "	3.00
" " " " " " " "	5.00
Two copies, one year,	3.00
Four " " " " " " " "	5.00
Eight " " " " " " " "	10.00
Ten " " " " " " " "	12.00
Twenty " " " " " " " "	20.00

We send a copy GRATIS to every person who sends a club of eight, ten or twenty subscribers. This is in addition to the Map Premium, which we send to the getter-up of every Club.

For \$5 we send ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE and THE POST, one year each.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent a Club, may add other names at any time during the year.

The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit twenty-six cents in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the United States postage on their papers.

Remittances may be made in notes of any solvent Bank, but we prefer Pennsylvania or Eastern money.

Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps, are always acceptable. For all amounts over \$5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) payable to our order.

DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

COMMUNION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY SARA J. RUMSEY.

My soul is with joy elate,
Like a scorching and elate,
For honored beyond all price to-day
I've sat at the table of kings.

Though in no royal robes
Or princely apparel dress,
But humble, lowly and weak I come,
Ev'n at this high banquet—

Who bids us all draw near,
That freely may we partake
Of the body and blood of Him who died
For the perishing sinner's sake.

Oh! wondrous power of love!
Oh! wondrous power of grace!
That freely proffers immortal life
To a sinful, dying race!

Surely I never again
Will yield to a doubt or fear;
For out of the depths I'll cry to Him,
And He will hear my prayer.

For He noteth the sparrow's fall,—
And the humblest sinner's cry,
If it be but whispered in penitence,
Reaches even to God on high.

With a Father's guardian care
He looks from Heaven above,
And holds us in His sheltering arms
With more than a Father's love.

Printed Post, N. Y.

THE LADY LISLE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SIR RUPERT'S COURTSHIP.

In the struggle between intellect and cunning, the lower faculty had conquered. After that midnight revelation made by Mr. Alfred Salmons to the young Baronet, Sir Rupert Lisle took the reins of government into his own hands, and made himself completely master of his own house. The young man no longer looked on every occasion to his friend, the Major, for advice; that gentleman had evidently lost his power over his pupil. To the narrow mind of Sir Rupert Lisle, the man who had once opposed him appeared ever afterwards in the light of an enemy. He avoided the Major as much as it was possible for him to do, and spent most of his time in riding backwards and forwards from Lislewood Park to the Grove. Olivia Marmaduke had never altered her manner to him; she received him with the same indifference that she had evinced on the occasion of his first visit, laughed at his awkwardness, quizzed his stupid speeches, ridiculed his attempted compliments, but fascinated him every day more and more.

There seemed to be something craven in his nature, which made him most love and admire this girl when she most openly despised him. He followed her about like a dog. He brought her almost every day some gorgeous piece of jewelry, generally chosen with execrable taste, but always of great value. He wanted Mrs. Walsingham to surrender the Lislewood diamonds, which were kept at the bankers to the family; but Claribel refused to give them up until her son's wedding day.

"It will be time enough then, Rupert," she said; "something might happen before that to break off the match."

"Nothing shall break off the match, except death!" exclaimed the Baronet, passionately. He then grew angry at the mere suggestion of any uncertainty as to his coming marriage.

Once, and once only, he had attempted to remonstrate with Olivia Marmaduke upon her conduct towards him.

"You treat me like a dog," he said. "You laugh at me, and make a fool of me. Upon my word, Livy, I don't believe you have a spark of love for me."

He had been dining at the Grove, and he was standing by Olivia's side at the piano, while her sisters and the Colonel were congregated round the fire place.

"Don't you?" she said, indifferently, twisting a diamond bracelet given to her by Sir Rupert round and round upon her wrist—"Perhaps you had better always think that. Do you remember, when you proposed to me a fortnight ago, how very unsentimental we were? It was only, 'Will you consent to become Lady Lisle?' and 'Yes, Sir Rupert, I will.' I am not of a very romantic turn of mind, I assure you."

"Heaven knows, you are not!" answered the Baronet, bitterly. "Egad! I think if I were not Sir Rupert Lisle, and the rightful owner of the Lislewood estates, I should have a very poor chance with you, Miss Livy."

"I think you would, Sir Rupert. Pray, let us never quarrel about that. Heaven forbid that I should deceive you! Yes, you are quite right; I marry you for your title, and if you hadn't that title, I wouldn't marry you; and I marry you for your estate, and if you hadn't that estate, I wouldn't marry you. I am candid enough—am I not? And now, if the honest truth displeases you, let us shake hands, and say 'good-by.' I am quite willing to do so, I assure you." She held out her hand, which glittered and blazed with the diamond rings which he had given her. The light of the gems seemed to catch her eye, for she said, laughing, "Of course, if we part, I shall send you back all your presents; so don't be deterred by the money you have spent upon me."

"I'd spend every farthing I have in the world upon you, Livy," he said, passionately. "It seems very hard that you don't love me, when I love you so much; but whether you marry me for myself, or whether you marry me for my fortune, I must and will have you, for I can't live without you."

Later in the evening, as Olivia and Sir Rupert were seated at a small table playing backgammon, the eldest Miss Marmaduke, who had been out visiting, came into the drawing-room where they sat.

The Colonel was asleep in his easy chair by the fireplace. Lucy and Jane, the second and third sisters, looked up from their crochet.

"How have you enjoyed yourself, Laura?" asked Jane.

"Oh, not very particularly. We had rather a dull evening; but I must not forget, by-the-by, to tell you a piece of news I heard from the rectory." She glanced, as she spoke, rather maliciously towards her sister Olivia.

"Oh, pray, Laura, if you have any news, let us hear it," said that young lady, suppressing a yawn. "Shut up the board, Sir Rupert; I have won five games of you, and am quite tired of this delicious amusement—"

Now, Laura," she said, rising from her chair, and walking to the fireplace, "let us hear what you have to tell us." She leaned her elbow upon the corner of the mantel-shelf, resting her head upon her hand. She looked superbly handsome in the light of the wax candles and the red blaze of the fire. She wore a rich dress of alternate stripes of violet and amber. Her neck and arms were resplendent with the jewels given to her by the Baronet. Her beauty, her pride, and her splendor, filled her elder sister with hate and envy, and she determined to stab this proud heart to the inmost core. The Colonel woke at the sound of his daughters' voices, and looked about him. His eyes fixed themselves fondly upon his favorite child.

"Papa, you remember the Walter Remorden, Mr. Milward's last curate?" said Laura.

"Remember him? yes, of course. He left here three years ago, and got a curacy at some place near Chichester. Walter Remorden was the best friend the poor of Lislewood ever had. A very worthy fellow, and a great favorite of mine. I should be glad to see him again."

Laura had been watching her youngest sister during this speech of the Colonel's. A sombre darkness had spread itself like a veil over Olivia's handsome face.

"Well, papa," continued Miss Marmaduke, "poor Walter Remorden has been compelled to abandon his duties on account of his very delicate health. Mrs. Milward says. He was born in Lislewood, you know, and it seems that he had some invalid fancy that his native air would do him good; so Mrs. Milward very kindly invited him to the Rectory."

"What?" exclaimed the Colonel, "is Walter Remorden staying at the Rectory?"

"Yes; he only arrived yesterday. Such a wreck, they say. But I must not bore Sir Rupert by talking of an invalid curate. Such congratulations, Olivia. Everybody is talking of the future Lady Lisle, and congratulating me upon my sister's brilliant prospects."

Olivia had neither stirred nor spoken since Walter Remorden's name had been mentioned, but after these last words of Laura's, she burst into a strange hysterical laugh, and walked straight out of the room.

The Colonel started from his chair—"Livy!" he exclaimed, following her into the hall, "what is it, my darling, my pet,—what is the matter?"

"I know what it was," muttered Sir Ru-

pert, looking gloomily at the four sisters. "It was that man's name. I saw her face change when you first mentioned it," he said, turning to Miss Marmaduke; "but let him look out, for whoever he is, I'll be the death of him, if he tries to come between her and me."

The Colonel and Olivia returned in a few minutes, the old man leading his daughter into the room, with his arm round her waist. Her eyes were tearless, but they had a feverish lustre in them. She seated herself by the fire, and, taking a hand-screen from the mantelpiece, held it before her face. Her lover did not attempt to address her, but sat watching her in sullen silence for about a quarter of an hour, and then rose to take his departure.

"Good night, Olivia," he said, after he had taken leave of the rest of the party. "You've told me plain enough to-night that you don't love me, and you've told me something more quite as plainly. I'm very much obliged to you."

She looked at him with an expression of supreme contempt. "Remember, I gave you your choice to-night," she said, "and I am ready to give it you again to-morrow. Good night."

A bright crimson spot, quite foreign to her usual complexion, burned upon each of her cheeks as she bade her lover adieu.

Early the next morning, Sir Rupert rode over to the Grove, and asked for a private interview with his betrothed. He had come to implore her to fix the day, for their wedding within the following three weeks. He found it singularly easy to obtain her consent to his wishes. "Let it be when you please, Sir Rupert," she said,—"if you still please that the wedding shall take place at all."

"Olivia!" he exclaimed; "if I still please—"

"You may have seen enough to cause an alteration in your feelings towards me. If it is so, speak to me as frankly as I have spoken to you; but remember that, whether our union result in happiness or misery, you are entrapped into it by no act of mine."

When the young Baronet repeated his declaration, that nothing could turn him from his purpose, Olivia consented immediately to fix upon the day which he wished for the wedding. A rich maiden aunt had sent her a couple of hundred pounds for her trousseau, on hearing that her niece was about to make such a brilliant match. The house was noisy with the chatter of dressmakers and milliners, busy under the direction of Laura Marmaduke, who gave all the necessary orders. Olivia shut herself in her own room, and could with difficulty be induced to look at her dresses, or to have them fitted on. "How you worry me about the stupid silks and satins!" she said, impatiently. "You know I never cared for such finery, and I care less now. For Heaven's sake, Laura, let us hear no more of them!"

"Upon my word, Olivia, the future Lady Lisle has a charming temper! I pity Sir Rupert."

"Pity him, Laura!" repeated Olivia, fixing her great black eyes upon her sister's face, "pity him with your whole heart, poor fellow, for he needs your pity!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

IT IS BEST TO BE OFF WITH THE OLD LOVE, ETC.

Sir Rupert had presented his future bride with a thorough-bred bay horse. A magnificent animal, which had been the admiration of all Lislewood, and which had been carefully broken in for Miss Marmaduke by an experienced trainer. Strange to say, however, the young lady, who had never seemed tired of galloping about the downs upon the ill-looking gray horse borrowed from the farmer's stables, showed no inclination whatever to avail herself of Sir Rupert's present.

She had not ridden the bay above three times. She seemed to have an antipathy to leaving the house, and had always some excuse for remaining at home. She would plead a headache, or her horror of the dreary November weather, when Sir Rupert begged to be allowed to escort her for a ride. As the days flew by, she grew pale and restless. She answered impatiently when her sisters spoke to her, and seemed to do her utmost to avoid them. With her father she was grave and silent, and to Sir Rupert, cold, reserved, and gloomy. It was altogether a most dreary courtship. The Baronet watched every change in his future bride.

"You are as white as a ghost, Livy," he said, one morning, "and you have great hollow circles round your eyes. I know you will be ill, and then something will happen to part us. Livy, Livy, you must and shall be my wife." He caught hold of her two slender hands, and pressed them passionately in his own, as if he had been seized with a sudden terror of losing her. "Olivia, why don't you take more air and exercise? Laura says that you shut yourself in your own room half the day. What can I do to please you, or to amuse you? I'll spend half my fortune in a day, if you like. What can I do?"

"Nothing," she said, "only leave me to myself. I daresay I am very ill tempered and disagreeable; perhaps I am very wicked. I am fighting out a battle with my own soul. Only leave me alone, and it will soon be over, and I shall be myself again."

"I can't make you out, Olivia," replied her lover; "but I'll do anything you tell me, if you'll only promise to be my wife."

Sir Rupert left the Grove soon after this. The November day was dull and cheerless, and before dark the fog changed to a drizzling rain. They dined early at the Grove,

and after dinner, Olivia sat by the fire at her father's feet, while he dozed in his easy chair. The four elder sisters were seated by one of the windows, availing themselves of the last rays of winter light.

Presently Olivia started from the footstool upon which she had been seated, and left the room. She returned in a few minutes, dressed in her bonnet and shawl.

"Why, where in goodness' name are you going, Olivia?" Laura asked, looking up from her work.

"To Lislewood Rectory, to see Mr. Milward," answered her sister, quietly.

"You've chosen a curious time for your visit, Livy," said Laura, with a sneer. "I didn't know you had a taste for walking in such weather as this. Besides, it will be dark before you get to the Rectory. You'd better wait until after your marriage, and then you can go there as Lady Lisle. Walter Remorden is to stay with the Milwards till after Christmas."

"Laura Marmaduke!" cried her sister, in a sudden outburst of rage, "you are a sour, disappointed old maid. You have not half as good a heart as my dog. I declare to you, that I must go to the Rectory this day, if all Lislewood was at my heels to sneer at and comment upon my conduct. So say what you like of me, and think what you like of me, and good afternoon to you." With which salutation, Olivia bounced out of the room, banging the door after her.

What shall I say of my heroine, for unfortunately, faulty and imperfect as this young lady may be, she is nevertheless my heroine? What shall I say of her? She has by no means the best of tempers. She is vehement and impulsive, and speaks her mind so freely, that she very often incurs people's dislike. But, on the other hand, she is generous and truthful, and when she has been rude to her quiet, unimpulsive elder sisters, she will go to them half an hour after the skirmish, in which she has come off victor, and will implore them to forgive her, and will violently upbraid herself for her evil disposition, and will betray such humility and contrition, that the ladies would be hard of heart indeed, if they could not bring themselves to excuse her. She loves her father with a proud and jealous fondness, which delights the Colonel, but which, in some manner, deprives him of the affection of his elder daughters; for Miss Olivia takes it very ill if any one but herself presumes to love her papa. In sort, she is a beautiful and imperfect creature, and it is difficult to some people to blame her, even when they cannot approve, and more difficult, perhaps, to others to help loving her, even when they are compelled to blame.

The drizzling rain and the fog closed in around her upon this dark November afternoon, as she turned into a country lane which led by a short cut from the Colonel's house into Lislewood village. Even by this shorter cut the distance was a mile and a half. Olivia had put on her oldest bonnet, and wrapped herself carelessly in a great woollen shawl, and she seemed quite indifferent to the incessant rain. Her dog had followed her without her having been aware, and when she had walked a little way, he came bounding round her, splashing her dress with his muddy fore feet. She fell on her knees upon the wet ground, and put her arms about the animal's neck. "My Boy, my faithful, honest Boy! I remember the day he stooped down to lay his hand upon your head, and kissed you here upon your rough, shaggy brow." And she pressed her lips passionately to the dog's forehead, as if there were some association which made the animal more than ordinarily dear to her; for Miss Olivia was by no means too well supplied with that very useful article for every day wear, called common sense, and was therefore always led to do any foolish thing which impulse prompted.

"How silly I am!" she said, resuming her walk; "how weak and foolish! What will they think of me for this visit? What mischief it will do to myself, if it causes no harm to others! As if it were not mad enough and unhappy enough as it is! But I must go—I must, must, must go!"

She set her teeth together, and her delicate nostrils quivered convulsively, as she walked very rapidly onwards. She hurried through Lislewood, where the few little village shops were lighted by flaring tallow candles, and crossing the churchyard, came to the white gate leading into the Rectory garden. Here she stopped, and leaned for some minutes against the low wall which separated the churchyard from Mr. Milward's little lawn and shrubbery.

"I have a good mind to go back," she said, presently. "I think the walk has done me good, and, at least, I have been near him—near him without his knowing it. There are no lights in the upper windows. He is not confined to his room, then. He cannot be so very ill. He is in the drawing-room, no doubt," she added, looking at the broad window, shrouded by red curtains, through which streamed the light of a lamp.

"Yes, yes, I will go home."

She was leaving the gate when a woman

around the churchyard and came towards the Rectory.

The woman, who was one of the rectory's servants, knew Miss Marmaduke well, and recognized her on this occasion by the dog, Box, who was so well known in Lislewood as his mistress.

"Miss Marmaduke, Miss," said the woman, "Lord, if I wasn't wondering who it was a standing at master's gate, when I see your dog, Box, and then I knowed it was you. You've been to see Miss, Miss?"

"No," stammered Olivia, blushing scarlet under her veil.

"But you're a going, Miss, ain't you? Miss was a talking of you, only yesterday, and a saying how she do want to see you. And Mr. Remorden, Miss—you remember he was so intimate at your house, and such a favorite with your papa—he be come back on a visit to master, and you never see such a change, Miss—but you'll come in and see Miss, Miss?" the woman repeated, checking herself.

"Yes," said Olivia abruptly. "I'll come." The woman led the way through the narrow shrubby walk, and across the well-kept garden. The dark outlines of the leafless trees swam before Olivia's eyes, and the white walls of the Rectory gleamed as the receding cliffs and the lamp-lit crescent of Dover seem to reel when we leave that seaport upon a rough night. Before she could collect her senses, the servant had ushered her into Mrs. Milward's pretty drawing-room, and she was standing in a broad glare of light, and in the presence of three people. The rectory, who was seated at a side table, writing; his wife, at work by the fireplace; and a young man, who lay on a sofa, wheeled close to the other side of the hearth. This young man was Walter Remorden, the late curate of Lislewood.

"My dear, this is kind of you," said Mrs. Milward, shaking hands with Olivia, and placing a chair for her opposite to the fire. "I thought you had quite forgotten us, and here you have had the courage to come to us on such an evening as this. I declare, your shawl is quite wet," and the good woman busied herself in removing Olivia's thick plaid shawl. "I will give it to Susan, to be dried for you, my dear, for of course you will stay and take tea with us."

Olivia silently submitted to the removal of her shawl. She had neither spoken, nor lifted her veil, since entering the room. She made no response to the rectory's salutation, or to the far colder greeting from the invalid. She sat, rubbing her wet gloves one over the other, and twisting and untwisting her slender fingers. Her dog had followed her into the drawing-room, and sat in the centre of the hearth rug, looking about him complacently.

Walter Remorden was a man of about thirty years of age. He was taller and stouter, than Sir Rupert Lisle. His complexion was dark, and tanned by exposure to the air and sun. His hair was the darkest shade of chestnut, and clustered about his broad, low forehead in thick curls. His eyes were gray, large, clear, and expressive. Ill as he was, he was ten times more manly in appearance than the young Baronet. He had a little table at his side, upon which was a reading lamp, and a heap of books and papers. He had been reading a newspaper when Olivia entered the room, and after his brief salutation, he resumed the perusal of it, holding it in such a manner that it entirely shaded his face.

Mrs. Milward had plenty to say. She made Olivia remove her bonnet, and she thought the curate lowered his paper for a moment to look across the top of the *Brighthelm Herald*, or the *Sussex Mercury*, or whatever journal it was that he was reading, at Miss Marmaduke's pale face. Olivia answered all Mrs. Milward's inquiries. Talked even of Sir Rupert Lisle, and the preparations for her coming marriage; but she could not overcome the feeling that there was something strange in her own voice, and that it must sound as unnatural to others as it did to herself. Not husky or unsteady, but rather preternaturally clear and distinct. Years afterwards she could, at any moment, recall the picture of the pretty lighted room, the recumbent figure upon the sofa, the curate's dark hair just visible above the paper he held before his face, the bright red curtains and the blazing fire, the pictures upon the walls—proof engravings of the Landseer's deer-stalking subjects, the very rattling of the cups and saucers, and the hissing of the urn, as the servant brought in the tea-things—all these most trifling details, which made up the background of this painful scene in her life, were stamped at once and forever upon her memory.

After tea, Mr. Milward left the house to attend a vestry meeting, and Mrs. Milward, taking out her work, settled herself for a pleasant chat with Olivia. Miss Marmaduke had fully intended to restrict her visit to half-an-hour at the utmost; but she lingered, yielding again and again to Mrs. Milward's entreaties to stay a little longer, rather from an inability to make the effort of leaving, than from any pleasure she felt from her stay.

"Now, my dear," said the rectory's wife, triumphantly, as her husband left the room, "you cannot possibly go till Mr. Milward returns, for, of course, he must see you home."

"Papa will very likely send me home, when he finds I stay," Olivia said, indifferently.

Walter Remorden had dropped his newspaper, and languidly joined, now and then, in the conversation. When Mr. Milward had been gone about half-an-hour, Mrs. Milward was summoned to reply to some applicant for relief, who was waiting to see her in the kitchen.

Left alone with the curate, Olivia sat for some time silently gazing at her dog, who had laid his head affectionately upon her knee.

"When do you return to your curacy near Chichester, Mr. Remorden?" she said, at last.

"I doubt if I shall return to it at all, Miss Marmaduke," he answered, quietly. "I am offered a curacy at Belminster, in Yorkshire,

which promises to be in every respect more advantageous."

She scarcely seemed to hear what he said, but sat pulling her dog's shaggy ears, and looking thoughtfully into the fire; presently she said, with strange suddenness,—

"Walter Remorden, how utterly you must despise me!"

He had been so entirely calm and self-possessed before, even when he could have scarcely failed to perceive her agitation, that a stranger would have set him down as incapable of any strong emotion, but, as Olivia spoke, the whole character of his face changed, and he lifted one thin hand entreatingly, so he exclaimed—

"For pity's sake, for the sake of all that is merciful and womanly, do not speak one word, Olivia Marmaduke, to recall the past. I have wrestled hard. I have prayed so many prayers that I might be able to bear my sufferings, and it is not for you to open old wounds, which are healed, which are healed," he repeated, passionately. "I live for nothing in this world, but to do my duty as a minister of the Gospel. For that end, I pray to be restored to health and strength, though, Heaven forgive me, the day has been when I have wished that I might never leave this house, except to be carried to one of yonder graves."

She had never taken her eyes from the fire during this speech.

"I am very glad you have so entirely recovered," she said, with a strange laugh; "it gives me less reason to reproach myself for that which must seem—what, indeed, it is—the cold-blooded treachery of an ambitious and mercenary woman, anxious only for her own advantage. I suppose Sir Rupert's title, and Sir Rupert's estate, contrasted with such hideous intensity with the poverty of our shabby home, dazzled and maddened me, till I forgot the promise—which was, after all, but a half-promise—which I made two years ago to you. I have suffered very much; but I am glad that I came here to-night, as this sets all at rest. You see, through reading so many novels, I had taken it into my head that men's hearts were very easily broken."

As she finished speaking, the door was suddenly opened, and Sir Rupert Lisle burst into the room. He flung himself into a chair without removing his hat, or noticing the presence of the curate.

"I've been down to the Grove, Miss Marmaduke," he said, his voice betraying suppressed rage, "and Laura told me where you had come. So I thought, as it isn't quite the thing for the future Lady Lisle to be streaming through Lislewood street alone after dark, I came here to fetch you."

"I shouldn't have streamed through Lislewood street alone after dark, Sir Rupert," answered Olivia, flashing the lightning of her black eyes upon the angry Baronet; "there are people in this house who know as well what is correct for Olivia Marmaduke—who is of quite as much consequence as the future Lady Lisle—to do, as you yourself, believe me, take off your hat, Sir Rupert!" she added, in a tone of command, such as she might have used in addressing her dog; "and let me introduce you to Mr. Remorden, my papa's esteemed friend."

Whatever suspicions the Baronet might have harbored, whatever jealous fury he might have felt, there was something in the brave soul of Olivia Marmaduke which immediately subdued and conquered her lover. He acknowledged Mr. Remorden's bow by a sulky nod, which was meant to be civil, and even went so far as to mutter something about being glad to make his acquaintance, of which condescension the curate took no notice whatever.

"I want you to come home, Livy," he said, "I can't endure my life without you; I dined at home to-night; but I was so dull and wretched after dinner, that I was obliged to have the chestnut saddle, and ride over to the Grove. It's raining hard; but I've got the fly from the Crown Inn waiting for you. Do come, Livy."

"As soon as I have wished Mrs. Milward good-night, Sir Rupert," she said; and the young man left the room to give some directions to the driver of the fly.

As soon as Sir Rupert was gone, Walter Remorden rose, with an effort, from the sofa upon which he had been lying, and stood by Olivia's side before the fireplace, supporting himself against the mantelpiece.

"Olivia," he said, in a voice which trembled with emotion, "there is no dishonor in my asking you if this marriage is irrevocably determined upon?"

"It is."

"And it is no longer in your power to withdraw from your engagement to this man?"

"It is no longer in my power."

"Heaven help you, then, unhappy girl! I dare not urge you to that which you would feel to be dishonorable, even for your own happiness. But, oh, Olivia! had I seen this man before you pledged your word to him, I would have entreated you, upon my knees, to reject his proposals. I thought that you might not, perhaps, love him. I fancied that his position might have dazzled you; but I thought that, at least he was a gentleman."

Mrs. Milward and Sir Rupert returned to the room before Olivia could reply, and in ten minutes she was seated in the fly, with the Baronet riding by her side upon his chestnut mare. She shuddered, as she looked through the rain-blotted windows at the dim figure of the young man.

"I feel as if I were in a prison," she thought, "with him as my gaoler."

CHAPTER XXV.

OLIVIA'S WEDDING.

On the very last day of November, a long line of carriages extended from the churchyard wall half way down the little village street, waiting for the aristocratic assembly gathered in the church to witness the marriage of Sir Rupert Lisle to Olivia Marmaduke.

The Baronet declared that he had no idea of doing the thing shabbily; other people might talk of a quiet wedding; but he would marry his bride in Sussex to know of his marriage with the handsomest woman in the county. So invitations were issued far and wide, in every direction. A staff of Garter's men brought the breakfast and the wedding-cake down to the Park, and the Lislewood servants were put almost aside, while the strangers made their arrangements, and executed their orders; for Sir Rupert had insisted, in defiance of everybody, that the breakfast should be given at his house, and not at the Grove.

"You can give a breakfast yourself, if you like," he said to the Colonel; "nobody hinders you; but I don't suppose you're house-room for half the county, and I mean half the county to be at my wedding, I can tell you."

So Olivia Marmaduke walked to the altar amidst a crowd of splendidly-dressed women and fashionable men; costly silks filled the solemn aisle, and made the place noisy with their perpetual rustling. Mechlin lace and snowy plumes, wondrous artificial flowers, which trembled under the dew upon their petals; marvellous fans, all mother-of-pearl and swan-down, and gliding and enamel; gold and jewelled-stoppered scent bottles, and twenty other beautiful and expensive bric-a-brac, were so common amongst the assembly, that the rustic charity children and the villagers, who crowded every nook and corner accessible to them, had not eyes enough to stare at all that was to be seen, and went away at last disatisfied.

The Lislewood beadle, with an immense satin faver pinned on to his new waistcoat, was especially sharp with the humble villagers that morning. He hustled them out of the pews, and banished them even from the free seats, driving them into obscure corners, and pushing them behind pillars, and seeming altogether as if he could hardly find it in his heart to allow them to exist at all upon such an occasion.

"Now really," he said reproachfully, to every rustic who presented himself, "if I'd known there'd been so many of you, I'd have comin' to poke your noses in, I'd have made my arrangements accordin'."

A bishop, distantly related to the Lisle family, came all the way from the west of England to celebrate the marriage; and probably that clerical dignity was a little surprised at the manners and conduct of his rich kinsman, Sir Rupert. Perhaps the Baronet had never appeared to worse advantage than upon this eventful morning. His agitation, which he was quite unable to conceal, had blanched his cheeks to a ghastly whiteness, while the end of his sharp pinched nose was scarlet from the raw cold of the November day. His clothes, though made by the most fashionable of the tailors at the West-end, seemed to fit him badly, and to become him worse. The very hot-house flower which he placed in his button-hole dropped its petals, and withered and shrunk, as if it had been blighted by the contact with anything so mean. His patent leather boots creaked even upon the red balize, which had been laid from the altar steps to the gate of the churchyard. He dropped his hat in the middle of the aisle, and it went rolling down to the end of the church, causing a suppressed titter amongst the fashionable crowd, and one or two loud guffaws, speedily checked by the beadle, from the humbler spectators. His hand, when he gave it to Olivia, to lead her to the altar, was cold and clammy, and shook like a leaf.

The bride, on the contrary, was superb in her haughty loveliness. Everybody in Lislewood had always considered Olivia Marmaduke a handsome girl; but they had rarely seen her, except in a shabby riding habit, or a coarse straw bonnet and large woollen shawl. But in her bridal dress, with a high diadem shaped wreath of orange buds and water lilies, and with a veil of the richest Honiton lace falling about her like a snowy cloud, she looked an Empress, and an audible murmur of admiration broke from the crowd as her father led her up the aisle.

Mrs. Walsingham, at forty years of age, still a beautiful woman, was simply dressed in pale gray silk; but Mrs. Major Varney wore an amber brocade, which glittered in the sunshine like a robe of gold. Her beauty, very little impaired by time, was more gorgeous even than that of the bride, and people asked each other what that Jewish-looking woman, in the yellow dress, was, and where she had sprung from?

The Major seemed perfectly reconciled to the marriage, which he had first so seriously opposed. He looked the picture of good humor. His expanse of light waistcoat seemed broader than ever, as he pulled at his yellow moustaches with his fat white hands, and beamed upon the brilliant assembly. Perhaps an interview which he had had with Sir Rupert Lisle the night before may have had something to do with all this radiant good humor. It had been a very serious interview, indeed, and it had ended in Mr. Salomons being summoned to act as witness to some document drawn up by the Major, and signed by the young man. So peace was restored in the house of Lislewood, and the bishop read the solemn service, which made Olivia Marmaduke and the young man whose cold, damp hand trembled in hers, man and wife; and the strings of carriages drove back to Lislewood Park, where there was feasting and flirting, and small-talk and scandal, and popping of champagne corks, until the early twilight, and where, perhaps, not six among the people assembled had one thought of the happiness or the misery of the newly-married pair, who drove off at about three o'clock amidst the clanging of the Lislewood bells, on their journey across country to Folkestone, whence they were to start for the continent.

Colonel Marmaduke and his four daughters stayed to dine at the Park with Mrs. Walsingham and her younger son, and Major and Mrs. Varney. They were a very snug little party. Charbel was far more cheerful in the absence of Sir Rupert, and the Major made himself even more agreeable than usual.

Colonel Marmaduke and his four daughters stayed to dine at the Park with Mrs. Walsingham and her younger son, and Major and Mrs. Varney. They were a very snug little party. Charbel was far more cheerful in the absence of Sir Rupert, and the Major made himself even more agreeable than usual.

Colonel Marmaduke and his four daughters stayed to dine at the Park with Mrs. Walsingham and her younger son, and Major and Mrs. Varney. They were a very snug little party. Charbel was far more cheerful in the absence of Sir Rupert, and the Major made himself even more agreeable than usual.

Colonel Marmaduke and his four daughters stayed to dine at the Park with Mrs. Walsingham and her younger son, and Major and Mrs. Varney. They were a very snug little party. Charbel was far more cheerful in the absence of Sir Rupert, and the Major made himself even more agreeable than usual.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An honest Irishman tar, who was a favorite of Paul Jones, used to pray in these words every night when he turned in: "God be thanked, I never killed a man nor no man ever killed me. God bless the world, and success to the United States Navy."

The ladies from the Grove looked wonderfully round the splendid drawing-room, as they sat there after dinner. All this wealth, luxury, and magnificence, was henceforth their sister's.

"How well Lady Lisle looked this morning," said the Major.

Mrs. Walsingham started at the mention of the name which had once been her own. Olivia's four sisters felt a simultaneous thrill of envy at the sound. Lady Lisle! Yes, it was really true,—she was indeed Lady Lisle!

The very day previous to that upon which Sir Rupert's wedding was celebrated, Walter Remorden turned his back upon the quiet little Sussex village where he had been born, and which he loved with that deep love a man so often has for some obscure spot, which, though not altogether lovable in itself, is dearer to him by the strong power of association than all the rest of the universe. He looked longingly back at the broad bare downs as the express train carried him London-wards. They were beautiful to him even under the cold gray of the November sky, though not a blue-bell nor a solitary sprig of heather was left to break the dull monotony of the brown stunted grass. As he watched the changing and ridgy lines cut sharply out against that cold gray sky, and broken only here and there by a patch of pine-wood, he thought Sussex the most beautiful county in the world. "I am home-sick already," he said to himself, "and I have not come above twenty miles of my journey. How bitter it seems to me to go so far from all to whom I have attached myself; but I could never have stayed at Lislewood to see her that man's wife."

Walter Remorden had chosen to accept this Yorkshire curacy solely for the purpose of exiling himself from the neighborhood of the woman he had loved. Mr. Milward had had a promise of a better living than that of Lislewood, and the curate would have had every chance of succeeding his old rector; for the bishop of the diocese was fully aware of the young man's popularity. But Providence had so ordained it that this man, of all others, should take up his abode in the obscure town of Belminster, and on the evening of Olivia Marmaduke's wedding-day Walter Remorden arrived at his destination.

Now, this very Belminster was the same quiet Yorkshire town to which Mr. Alfred Salomons had made a journey in the August of the same year, and it was in no wise altered since the visit of that gentleman. There was the same solitary porter and all-important inspector at the railway station, the same advertisements upon the walls, the same clerk in the ticket-office, the same pamphlets and magazines upon the bookstall,—one would have thought almost the same stale buns and fly-blown soda-water bottles, in the refreshment-room. At the inn, to which a musty-smelling fly, drawn by a horse which had once won a race upon the course outside the town, conveyed Walter and his luggage, the appearance of a traveller caused mingled consternation and delight. A few tradesmen lounged into the parlor every evening to drink a glass of ale, and to come to unfriendly words upon the merits and demerits of the two members for Belminster. Sometimes a traveller, come to Belminster to push some new article of manufacture among the snug little shopkeepers, would take a bit of dinner in the coffee-room; but a gentleman who wished to stay all night, and might, perhaps, as he said, stay for a day or two, while he looked about him, was, indeed, a person to be treated with distinction. So Walter was escorted up a broad staircase into the prettiest of sitting-rooms, where a blazing fire had been lighted for his comfort, and in which there was an oval mirror, and a picture of the minister, and portrait of the horse that had won the Belminster gold cup. The landlady, who had discovered from Walter's portmanteau that he was the Mr. Remorden who was coming as curate, drew up the blind and showed him the church, which was directly opposite the window.

"The minister is at the other end of the town, sir," she said; "but your church, St. Clement's that is, is accounted as fine a building, and is, I'm told, the oldest of the two."

The young man looked languidly enough at the dusky shape of the fine old edifice on the other side of the broad market place. It was difficult for him to take any interest in his new duties. He asked a great many questions about the poor of the place, while his landlady spread the table with a meal, which would have been more than sufficient for a dozen, and the whole of which—cheese-cakes, jam turn-overs, hot seed-cakes and plum-cakes, broiled ham and eggs, and cold fowl, she included under the modest denomination of a cup of tea.

She told the curate enough, while she was pouring out his tea, to convince him that there was plenty for him to do in Belminster, and that, whatever his troubles might be, he would have very little time for any idle regrets, or wicked repining.

"If there is one thing more beautiful than another in that faith, in reforming which we have done away with much that was estimable," mused the curate, later in the evening, "it is that utter self-abnegation which the Roman Catholic church demands of a man who takes up her banner. Love! what has he to do with love? In the crowded streets, as in the cloister, he lives alone for the performance of the duty allotted to him." We must not forget, however, that Walter Remorden had been crossed in love, and that perhaps a tinge of asceticism had crept over his mind since he had been so treacherously jilted by Olivia Marmaduke.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An honest Irishman tar, who was a favorite of Paul Jones, used to pray in these words every night when he turned in: "God be thanked, I never killed a man nor no man ever killed me. God bless the world, and success to the United States Navy."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1861.

REFLECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return reflected communications.

NOTICE.

THE DEMAND TREASURY NOTES of the United States, whether payable in this city or elsewhere, will be gladly received at this office in payment for Subscriptions or Advertising. Our distant friends are urged to remit them to us in preference to any Bank Notes but those of Philadelphia and the Eastern States.

THE RECALL OF FREMONT.

This deed, menacing so long, has been consummated, and Fremont has been removed from the army of the west.

The deed being done, the administration which did it, have a right to a lenient judgment. They are responsible for the conduct of the war, and must have full liberty to appoint fresh and remove old generals.

But while we admit this, it must not be forgotten that the administration itself is merely an agent. It represents the country. Being thus itself an agent also, it is of course subject to that discussion of the exercise of its great powers, which is necessary, in order that its Great Principal and Employer, the Country, should be able to pronounce intelligently upon its actions.

Because the Head Agent, in the exercise of its conferred powers, has removed a subordinate Agent, it does not follow that its course must be acquiesced in as expedient and proper, by the Principal who employs and pays both.

We may, therefore, without feeling any desire to embarrass the administration, make a few remarks relative to the removal of Gen. Fremont.

It is evident that in considering General Fremont's case, it would be unwise if we did not remember that Gen. Fremont was to a great extent, a Representative Man. Of all the important generals, he was the only one who represented that portion of the Republican party which we may term, for want of a better name, the Radical Republicans.

Now, we hold it to be an indisputable axiom, that it is seldom wise for an administration to give offence to any large portion of the party which has brought it into power, and unto which it must mainly look for its support. Especially do we think this true of that portion of a party which may be considered its very core and heart. Now the class of men who have been displeased by Gen. Fremont's removal, is the very class but for whose exertions there never would have been any Republican party. These men looked over the whole field, and saw that the administration which they themselves had placed in power—for 1860 was but the natural sequel to 1856—had given them, out of four Major Generals of the Regular Army, but one Representative of their principles.

Therefore, unless there was absolute danger to the Union cause in the West from Gen. Fremont's corruption and incompetency, we hold that it was unwise to remove him.

As to the charge of incompetency against Fremont, we cannot think it stands on very solid grounds. Look at the facts: General Thomas, at Tipton, said, as he has himself stated in his Report, that Fremont could not move his army. We have further heard it stated, and it is merely a logical inference from Gen. Thomas's own published language, that the General said at Tipton, so far as any effective action was to be expected, Fremont might as well take his army back to St. Louis. General Hunter, as we fairly infer from General Thomas's report of his language, thought so too. And yet Fremont did move his army—drove the enemy to the southern portion of Missouri—and was expecting battle and victory when the order of his recall arrived.

The administration may say that they feared Fremont would lose the battle—that he was comparatively an untried man. But who is Hunter? Hunter was never in a battle in his life, before the Bull Run affair—and then, if we remember rightly, he was wounded early in the action, and reached Washington in an ambulance about the time Mr. Russell did.

Besides, the admitted devotion of Fremont's men and officers to him, may be taken as some proof of his competency—unless the army in Missouri are a great pack of nincoms. For our part, the idea that Western soldiers, of all others, could be made to see competency where there was only the most wretched incompetency, seems to us alike supremely ridiculous and insulting. Of all people in the world, our Western friends "have their eye-teeth cut."

As to the charge of corruption in the contracts, it comes with rather an ill grace from the East, and especially from Washington. Does any one believe that corruption does not prevail, to an alarming extent, everywhere—and "without distinction of locality or party"? But why should all the wrong doings in Missouri be charged upon Fremont, and the wrong doings on the Potomac, and in New York and Philadelphia, not be charged to Scott, or McClellan, or the Secretary of War, or the President?

Some of these charges, moreover, have been already explained, others flatly denied, and we think it the part of justice not to give judgment until we hear both sides of the question. But that an army of sixty thousand men can be put into the field, even partly untrained, equipped, &c., in sixty days, without Uncle Sam's money sticking to a good many fingers, in spite of all the efforts of the General in command, we do not

believe. A better business man than Fremont would be cheated in such an effort, again and again. Because even a Major General is but a man—and cannot overcome every thing, and do it in a great hurry besides.

But large numbers of people do not believe that Fremont's alleged corruption and incapability were more than the pretence for his removal. And such views are curiously corroborated occasionally. For instance, read the following paragraph, from a recent letter by "Occasional" to the Philadelphia Press, Mr. Forney's paper:—

Nothing has done more to weaken the administration than the growing opinion that Mr. Lincoln is determined not to be driven from his purpose by the cry that he contemplates an attack upon the institution of slavery. When Gen. Fremont's proclamation reached Richmond it was received with shouts of joy; but when it was modified, this act of the President was concealed or misrepresented, so it might operate against the designs of the traitors. Now that Fremont has been superseded, however, a practical pledge is given, not merely that the President has resolved to adhere to his original policy, but that he will do nothing which can give offence to the loyal men of any section.

The Press, not very long ago, declared in an editorial the very reverse—and said that Fremont's removal, if it took place, would have no reference to his Proclamation. We believe that "Occasional" at Washington, and moving in official circles, is better informed than the editor in Philadelphia. Both "Occasional" and the editor, by the way, approve of the removal.

But if the Government's real motive for the removal of Fremont was his Proclamation—and the applause it met with, even from such prints as the *New York Herald*—would it not have been more manly, and better policy, to avow it? If we understand the spirit of the American people, a bold and manly course is always the best one to pursue with them. They like not any thing that even bears the appearance of "stabbing under the fifth rib," with an "Art thou in bad health, my brother?"

Well, the administration has at last thought well to take the responsibility even at the risk of offending an interest among its supporters, strong in numbers, and very powerful in energy and intellect. The Future—to which all appeal—will probably show the wisdom or folly of the course that has been taken. If the gravest of several political aspirants are not dug by this measure, we shall be somewhat mistaken. And if their graves are thus dug, perhaps the ultimate gain to the country may recompense it for any blunder that may have been perpetrated by Fremont's removal.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 7.—The resignation of Beauregard is not credited by his friends here, who assert that he has merely been called to Charleston for the purpose of advising with reference to the contemplated Union attack upon that city.

"His friends"—then it seems that that arch rebel still has "friends" in Washington, and that loyal reporters have means of knowing what their views are. Funny place that Washington.

A girl at a party in town the other evening was asked what made her face look so unusually red. She replied, those horrid chaps.

A tenacious adherence to the rights and liberties transmitted from a wise and virtuous ancestry, public spirit, and a love of one's country, are the support and ornament of a government.

It is curious to note the old sea-margins of human thought! Each subdividing century yields some new mystery; we build where monsters used to hide themselves.

The following was in a letter written by a rebel from Laurel Hill to his sweetheart: "I say agen der Melindy weef flin for our liberties? dew gess as we pleas, and weel fite for them as long as god dentity givs us breth."

A compliment is usually accompanied with a bow, as if to beg pardon for paying it.

Every heart is a secret drawer, the spring of which is only known to the owner.

The following remark was made by a well-inspecting through his eyes a very small infant exhibited to him at the instance of his father by his nurse: "Welcome, little stwagew! Baby, singular queeschaw! Of cawse, A was once a baby myself. Ought to make a fella humble—the ideaw of eraw having been so much like a puppy!"

The greatest triumph of English alliteration, according to a writer in the *London Quarterly*, is the following line, composed by a young lady in the year 1860, on the occasion of a gentleman by the name of Lee planting a lane with lilacs:—

"Let lovely lilacs line Lee's lonely lane."

In which not only every word, but every syllable begins with the same letter.

PHILOSOPHICAL.—Two distinguished philosophers took shelter under one tree during a heavy shower. After some time one of them, complaining that he felt the rain, "Never mind," replied the other, "there are plenty of trees; when this is wet through, we will go to another."—*Porter's Spirit.*

Among the pitfalls in our way
The best of us walk blindly:
So man, be wary, watch and pray,
And judge your brother kindly.

—*Alfred Goff.*

An Irish guide told Dr. Johnson, who wished for a reason why Echo was always of the feminine gender, that "Maybe it was because she always had the last word."

A great deal of nonchalance or indifference passes for philosophy is nothing more or less than natural stupidity.

Napoleon was not so extravagant as many people imagine when he declared that in modern times "bayonets think." It is not evident that every polished bayonet is capable of reflection?

Tennyson says that every sea is full of life. He should, perhaps, have excepted the Dead Sea.

FROM MISSOURI.

RECALL OF FREMONT—GREAT EXCITEMENT IN THE ARMY—DEPARTURE OF FREMONT AND STAFF—HUNTER ASSUMES THE COMMAND.

On the 2nd of November, at Springfield, small bodies of the enemy came within twelve miles of us, and news was received of the approach of their advance guard, 2,800 strong.

Preparations were being made to go out and attack them, when Gen. Fremont received the unconditional order from Washington relieving him at once from the command of the Western Department.

Simultaneously the newspapers arrived announcing the fact. The intelligence spread like wildfire through the camp, and created indescribable excitement and indignation.

A great number of the officers signified their intention to resign at once, and many companies laid down their arms, declaring that they would fight under no one but Fremont.

The General spent much of the afternoon expostulating with the officers, and trying them by their patriotism and their personal regard for him not to abandon their posts. The body guard, who could not be induced to remain, and who will now disband, as the terms of their enlistment permit, will accompany Gen. Fremont and his entire staff, including Gen. Asboth, commander of the first division.

A large number of the residents of Green, Jasper, and other adjoining counties, recently joined Price's army, and many of our officers think the rebel force nearly 60,000 men. (Probably an exaggeration.)

Fremont has been up nearly the whole of the past five nights making the most perfect arrangements for a battle, and the confidence of the army in him was never so great as at present.

Fremont issued the following farewell address to the troops:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE WESTERN DEPARTMENT, SPRINGFIELD, MO., Nov. 2, 1861.

Soldiers of the Mississippi Army:

Agreeably to orders this day received, I take leave of you.

Our army has been of sudden growth, and we have grown up together, and I have become familiar with the brave and generous spirits which you bring to the defence of your country, and which makes me anticipate for you a brilliant career.

Continue as you have begun, and give to my successor the same cordial and enthusiastic support with which you have encouraged me. Emulate the splendid example which you have already before you, and let me remain as I am, proud of the noble army which I have thus far labored to bring together.

Soldiers, I regret to leave you most sincerely. I thank you for the regard and confidence you have invariably shown to me. I deeply regret that I shall not have the honor to lead you to the victory which you are just about to win; but I shall claim to share with you in the joy of every triumph, and trust always to be fraternally remembered by my companions in arms.

JOHN C. FREMONT,
Major General U. S. A.

SPRINGFIELD, NOV. 4.—It would be impossible to exaggerate the gloom which pervaded our camp yesterday, and nothing but Gen. Fremont's urgent endeavors prevented it from ripening into a general mutiny.

His quarters were thronged with officers all day, expressing their indignation and the inclination to resign. The Germans were there en masse, and talked loudly about resisting Gen. Hunter's assuming the command.

As the enemy had entrenched themselves upon Wilson's Creek, and nothing was heard of Gen. Hunter, and in accordance with the most earnest entreaties, Gen. Fremont finally promised, just at dusk, that he would lead the army to attack them this morning, if Gen. Hunter did not arrive. I never saw anything at all approach the excitement which this announcement created. It caused immense cheering around the headquarters, which spread in all directions from camp to camp, and there was almost uninterrupted cheering, growing more and more remote as the news reached the camps further and further away.

For two hours and a half a dozen bands of music were serenading the general at once. Everything was prepared to start at daylight, and all parading and disappointment was changed to universal joy. Our army, under that inspiration, would have whipped a hundred thousand men, but at 10 o'clock Gen. Hunter arrived. He spent one hour and a half with Gen. Fremont, who gave him his plan of battle. Gen. Hunter then assumed the command, and Gen. Fremont left for St. Louis, via Tipton, this morning.

If we have a fight before the army recovers from its last and cruel disappointment, we fear greatly for the result, but hope for the best.

General Pope is here with his entire division, and General Hunter's division will be here to-night, when the troops will be concentrated here.

All of General Fremont's staff left with him, except Colonels Lovejoy, Shank and Hudson.

The following is General Hunter's order on assuming the command:

HEADQUARTERS WESTERN DEPARTMENT, SPRINGFIELD, MO., Nov. 4, 1861.

The command of this department, having been relinquished by Major-General Fremont, is assumed by the undersigned. Officers commanding divisions, together with their brigade commanders are requested to report immediately at these headquarters.

(Signed) J. HUNTER,
Major-General Commanding.

ST. LOUIS, NOV. 7.—A letter from an officer high in rank, dated Springfield, Nov. 6, says affairs were quiet, and the army in good spirits; that there was no enemy near, and Gen. Hunter had no expectation of a battle at present.

A dispatch from Gen. Fremont, dated in camp near Quincy, Mo., Nov. 6, says he will be at St. Louis on Friday, accompanied by 400 men.

THE ENEMY RETIRING—OUR PICKETS EXTENDED TO WILSON'S CREEK—CAPTURE OF A LARGE AMOUNT OF REBEL PROPERTY.

ROLLA, MO., NOV. 7.—(Correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat.)—Captain Stevens, who left Springfield on Tuesday morning, has reached here, and reports that on Tuesday morning our pickets were to be extended beyond the old battle ground at Wilson's Creek, the advance guard of the enemy having retreated from that position.

Their advance guard at that point numbered 7,500 strong.

Gen. Wyman had been appointed Provost Marshal of Springfield, and our lines were strictly guarded, no person being allowed to pass west or south-west.

The expedition under Col. Dodge, which left Rolla a few days since in quest of ex-Judge Freeman's band of marauding rebels, took possession of Houston, in Texas county, on the 4th instant, and captured a large amount of rebel property and several prominent secessionists, including some officers of the rebel army. A large mail for the rebel

army was also captured, containing information of the position of the entire rebel force in Missouri.

Captain Wood, with his Rangers, has gone forward to Springfield Valley, to attack the main body of Freeman's band stationed there.

CAPTURE OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY UNION TROOPS.

KANSAS CITY, NOV. 6.—One hundred and fifty U. S. troops, under Captain Schiele, were captured by the enemy, near Little Santa Fe, Missouri, this morning. The detachment was on the route to join Gen. Fremont's army. The force of the enemy is reported at 300 men.

THE EFFECTS OF FREMONT'S REMOVAL MUCH EXAGGERATED—REMINISCING OFFICERS CHANGE THEIR MINDS—THE ENEMY STILL RETREATING—NO PROSPECT OF A BATTLE—GENERAL HUNTER PROCEEDING QUIETLY TO WORK.

SPRINGFIELD, MO., NOV. 5.—[Dispatch to the St. Louis Democrat.]—Gen. Hunter has not yet put into effect any decided measures for the conduct of the campaign, but I am informed that he will adopt plans entirely different from those of Fremont.

Col. Merrill was sent out on a reconnaissance yesterday, with 140 cavalry and a section of artillery. He examined the country around Wilson's Creek, but discovered no signs of the enemy, their advanced guard having left for the south on Sunday morning.

The main body of the rebels are supposed to be in the vicinity of Cassville. Gen. Hunter has little faith at present in their having designs of attacking us. He will, however, in a few days have such reliable information of their numbers, position, &c., as to decide as to the future.

The troops are now apparently as enthusiastic as ever, and the more they learn of their new commander the better are they satisfied with him. This opinion is also strengthened by the high opinion entertained of Gen. Hunter by all the old regular army officers.

The reports that the officers of many companies and their commands threw down their arms upon the announcement of the removal of Gen. Fremont cannot be traced to any reliable source.

Gen. Hunter's position on the contraband question is understood to be as follows:—All negroes coming into camp will be retained, and such of them as are proved to be the property of Union men will be duly appraised and received for, to be paid when and how Congress may see fit.

Gen. Asboth has concluded to remain in command of his division.

Col. Albert, acting Brigadier-General, will also remain, and several valuable foreign officers who at first decided not to remain.

Marcus J. Parrott, of Kansas, has been appointed on Gen. Hunter's staff.

The cannonading at Sarcoxie some days since is said to have been a salute paid in honor of some act passed by the rebel legislature assembled at that place.

LATER.

Nov. 6.—According to information received by General Hunter, it is now said that Gen. Price has no intention of attacking us, and that if pursued further by us he will scatter his army or retreat to Fort Smith, Arkansas, and await developments on the Potomac and in Kentucky.

It is very doubtful whether any further advance of the main body of our army will be made, but further intelligence of the numbers, position and designs of the rebels may change the policy.

Gen. Sigel has been appointed commandant at this post.

Gen. Hunter spent a part of yesterday in visiting the various camps and examining into the general condition of the army, and to-day he has gone on a reconnaissance south, with his body-guard, 400 infantry, a battery of artillery, and several companies of cavalry.

Brigadier-General Sturgis has been appointed chief of the staff and of cavalry on Gen. Hunter's staff.

FREMONT'S ARRIVAL AT ST. LOUIS—A TORCH-LIGHT PROCESSION.

ST. LOUIS, NOV. 8.—Gen. Fremont arrived here in a special train this evening, and was met at the depot by an enthusiastic crowd of citizens. Large delegations of Germans from the various wards of the city escorted the General to his quarters in a torchlight procession.

RECENT ELECTIONS.

MARYLAND.—The whole vote cast in Baltimore was 21,069. The Union ticket received an average of 17,722, and the majority for A. W. Bradford, the Union candidate for Governor, is 14,375. His majority in the state will be nearly 32,000.

The vote of Baltimore at the last Presidential election was about 29,000. The Union ticket therefore has a clear majority of the whole vote, even when the city is full. The whole vote (all polled) at present, would be probably not 25,000.

WISCONSIN.—Late returns show large Democratic gains, and the result is doubtful. Racine County, which usually gives 1,000 Republican majority, is now supposed to have gone Democratic.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The vote is small—Republican majority probably 32,000. Legislature, both branches, Republican.

The vote of Boston for Governor is as follows:—

For John A. Andrews (Republican), 5,917

For Isaac Davis (Democrat), 5,281

Caleb Cushing is elected to the Legislature from Newburyport.

The chief interest of the election was in Burlington's old district, the seat in Congress having been made vacant by the resignation of Wm. Appleton. Samuel Hooper, the Republican candidate is elected over G. B. Up-ton (Democrat), by 900 majority. Charles G. Loring, of Boston, and ex-Governor Clifford, of New Bedford, are both elected to the State Senate on the Republican ticket.

NEW JERSEY.—The Democrats are successful—carrying both branches of the Legislature.

NEW-YORK.—Albany, Friday, Nov. 8, 1861.—The Evening Journal of to-day says that Wright, Democrat, is undoubtedly elected Canal Commissioner for the short term. The Atlas and Argus estimates the majority for the People's Union ticket, except as above, at 75,000.

LIQUENT GENERAL SCOTT—PREDICTION REGARDING THE WAR.

New York, Nov. 8.—General Scott received the Chamber of Commerce and Union Defence Committee to-day. He spoke highly of the President, and Generals McClellan and Halleck, saying that under the command of the two latter and their Brigadiers, he had no doubt that our armies would be led to victory, and no doubt that they would achieve an honorable peace within a few months.

RETROGRADE MOVEMENT OF THE REBELS.

Information reached Washington, on the 8th from the Lower Potomac that the enemy's apparent retrograde movement of yesterday afternoon was continued last night, and this forenoon. Contrabands and others from among them, state that the removing troops are destined for points south of the Potomac.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW PREMIUM FOR 1862.

A LITERARY AND NEWS PAPER!

STORIES, SKETCHES, WAR NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

Those wishing to economize in these war times, cannot, we think, do better than to subscribe for that "oldest and best of the weeklies," THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, of Philadelphia. For the same price of two dollars a year, (down to one dollar, in clubs,) a paper is sent, containing a summary of all the

IMPORTANT NEWS OF THE WEEK,

at the same time that ample space is devoted to STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, CHOICE RECIPIES, AN ACCOUNT OF THE MARKETS, POETRY, HUMOROUS ARTICLES, EDITORIALS, &c.

We design commencing the new year with a story from the talented pen which has heretofore afforded our readers so much pleasure. The new story will be called

DAFFODIL'S DELIGHT;

OR,

A LIFE'S SECRET.

By MRS. WOOD, Author of "THE MYSTERY," "DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

We also announce an admirable PREMIUM for these war times,

A LARGE COLORED MAP OF THE SLAVEHOLDING STATES.

THIS MAP IS FOUR FEET LONG BY THREE FEET BROAD!

It comprises all the Slaveholding States: the States are in different colors: the Counties, Towns, Villages, Harbors, Rivers and Forts are given: the Railroads, their stations and distances, are also laid down: the whole Map being compiled from the latest government and other reliable sources. The importance of this Map, in enabling the reader of the War News to understand all land or sea movements in the Southern States, need not be enlarged upon. Without a Map, and a good one, the War News must be more or less unintelligible to the reader. The Map is, as we have said, four feet in length by three feet in breadth! EVERY PERSON SHOULD HAVE ONE OF THESE MAPS—AND ONE OF THEM WILL BE GIVEN TO EVERY TWO-DOLLAR SUBSCRIBER TO THE POST, ON THE RECEIPT OF HIS SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE COMING YEAR. TO TWO-DOLLAR SUBSCRIBERS IN THE COUNTRY, THEY WILL BE SENT BY MAIL, UPON RECEIPT OF THEIR SUBSCRIPTIONS, (the postage being prepaid by us.)

ONE OF THESE LARGE COLORED MAPS WILL ALSO BE SENT GRATIS TO EVERY PERSON WHO GETS UP A CLUB FOR THE POST, (the postage being prepaid by us.)

TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	\$1.00 a year
1 copy, two years,	2.00 "
1 copy, four years,	3.00 "
2 copies, one year,	2.00 "
4 copies, one year,	3.00 "
8 copies, one year,	5.00 "
10 copies, one year,	12.00 "
20 copies, one year,	30.00 "

Get the better of a club of two copies, and of a club of four copies, will receive one of the large Colored Maps (postage prepaid) for his trouble.

Get the better of any of the larger clubs will receive an extra paper (as of old), and one copy of the large Colored Map (postage prepaid) in addition.

Every two-dollar subscriber gets a copy of the Map in addition to his paper.

Every club subscriber who wishes a copy of this Map, can have it sent to him (postage prepaid) by forwarding Fifty Cents in addition to the club rate.

Sample copies of THE POST sent when requested, gratis.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,

NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above our insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

BRILLIANT AFFAIR OPPOSITE COLUMBUS, KY.

THE EXPEDITION FROM CAIRO—SEVEN THOUSAND REBELS DEFEATED BY HALF THEIR NUMBER—THE ENEMY DRIVEN FROM THEIR ENTRENCHMENTS—REBEL CAMP BURNED—ALL THEIR STORES, CANNON AND BAGGAGE CAPTURED—TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY REBEL PRISONERS—LOSS OF UNION TROOPS 300 TO 500—REBEL LOSS HEAVY.

CAIRO, NOV. 7.—An expedition left here last night, under command of Gen. Grant and McClellan, and landed at Belmont, three miles above Columbus, at 8 o'clock this morning. The Union troops, numbering 3,500 men, engaged the rebels, whose force amounted to 7,000, at 11 o'clock. The battle lasted till sundown. The rebels were driven from three entrenchments across the river, with great loss. Their camp was burned, with all their stores and baggage. Their cannon, horses and mules, with 100 prisoners, were captured.

The Union troops then retired, the rebels having received reinforcements from Columbus.

Both of our generals had their horses shot from under them. Colonel Dougherty, of Illinois, was wounded, and taken prisoner by the rebels.

The rebel loss is not known. The Union loss is believed to be from three to five hundred.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE BATTLE.

CHICAGO, NOV. 8.—A special Cairo dispatch to-day gives the particulars of the fight at Belmont yesterday.

Our forces consisted of the following Illinois regiments—22nd, Col. Dougherty; 27th, Col. Buford; 30th, Col. Foulke; 31st, Col. Logan; 7th Iowa regiment, Col. Lamont; Taylor's Chicago artillery, and Dollen's and Delano's cavalry. They left Cairo on the steamers Alex. Scott, Chancellor, Memphis, and Keystone State, accompanied by the gunboats Lexington and Tyler. After landing they were formed in line of battle, Gen. McClellan in command of the Cairo troops, and Col. Dougherty of the Bird's Point troops.

They were encountered by the rebels, 7,000 strong, and fought every inch of their way to the enemy's camp, making havoc in the enemy's ranks. Col. Buford was the first to plant the stars and stripes in the enemy's camp. Col. Dougherty's regiment captured the rebel battery of twelve pieces, two of which were brought away. Col. Foulke's men suffered greatly, as they were in front of the batteries before they were taken.

THE REBELS REINFORCED—RENEWAL OF THE FIGHT—CAIRO, NOV. 7.—After taking possession of the rebel camp it was discovered that the rebels were crossing over from Kentucky, for the purpose of attacking us in the rear. The order was given to return to the boats, when our men were attacked by the reinforcement of several thousand rebels from Columbus.

Another severe engagement took place, in which our troops suffered seriously. The losses, as far as ascertained up to a late hour last night, were as follows:—Thirtieth Illinois regiment, Col. Foulke, 160 missing and Major McClellan wounded and taken prisoner.

Colonel Buford's regiment returned too late for us to obtain any particulars of its loss. Col. Dougherty, of the 22nd Illinois regiment, is reported to have been taken prisoner. Col. Lamont, of the 31st Illinois, is reported to be dangerously wounded. Taylor's battery lost one gun. We have 250 prisoners, and a number of killed. The ground was completely strewn with their dead bodies. The rebel Colonel, Wright, of the 13th Tennessee regiment, was killed. Gen. Cheatham commanded

FROM FORTRESS MONROE.

INTELLIGENCE FROM THE FLEET—WRECK OF THE STEAMER UNION AND ANOTHER TRANSPORT—THE MEN CAPTURED BY THE REBELS.

FORTRESS MONROE, NOV. 7.—The steamer Spaulding left for Hatteras Inlet last evening, with a cargo of commissary's stores. It is probable that some of the troops will return in her. It is understood at Old Point that Hatteras Inlet is a place of too much importance to abandon. Should the Twentieth Indiana regiment return, its place will be immediately supplied by a larger force.

By a flag of truce just from Norfolk, we have news of the fleet, but it is remarkably meagre. The only person who came down was bound by parole to reveal no particulars.

The steamer Union, with a cargo of horses and stores, and another transport, whose name is not given, were lost during the week—one at Kill Devil Shoal, and the other on Roanoke's Beach, on the coast of North Carolina. The crew of both vessels, 78 in number, are now prisoners at Raleigh, North Carolina.

It is not known whether any were lost, but 15 horses were saved.

The executive officer of the Minnesota states, upon information received by the Flag, that the fleet was boarding Port Royal, and meeting with a warm reception, the rebels having for some time been preparing for them. The above reached Norfolk by telegraph to-day.

ADDITIONAL FROM THE FLEET—THE TROOPS LANDED AT BEAUFORT, S. C.—THREE FEDERAL TRANSPORTS REPORTED WRECKED.

BALTIMORE, NOV. 8.—The following statements are made by passengers from Old Point. They say that the troops had landed at Beaufort, South Carolina, when the bombardment commenced by the fleet.

The report also states that one of the war vessels was disabled by the rebel fire. What success attended the attack is not stated.

One report says that three of the Federal transports were wrecked.

Gen. Tatalni is said to be in command of the rebel forces.

BALTIMORE, NOV. 8.—Evening.—The gentleman who came to Old Point from Norfolk under the flag of truce, says that he brought all that is known with regard to the fleet, and that the stories about attributed to him are false.

All he knows is that a dispatch had been received from Norfolk stating that one of our vessels was disabled by the batteries, and another was aground near Port Royal. Two vessels were also stated to have been wrecked on the North Carolina coast, one the Union, the other unknown. 73 prisoners were taken to Raleigh, and 15 horses were saved from the Union. He begs that the press generally will not make him responsible for any statements beyond this.

NEW YORK, NOV. 8, 2 P. M.—A special dispatch from Fortress Monroe to the Times, says our fleet is bombarding Port Royal, which is said to be in a critical condition and just ready to surrender.

The rebel commander had a small steamer under his control, and threatened to go out and seize one of the vessels of the fleet which had been driven on a lee shore, with troops aboard.

This news comes through a secession source, and is claimed to be derived from one of Gen. Huger's aids.

A special dispatch to the Tribune says one of our gunboats was disabled by the rebel guns, and another run aground, and Capt. Tatalni was about to take her. It was reported at first that the Great Republic was lost, but it was incorrect.

FREDERICA BREMER

FINDS A "PERFECT MARRIED COUPLE."

After passing a few days at the home of Count de Gasparin, Frederica Bremer made the following record in her journal:—

"I was rather curious to become acquainted with the Count de Gasparin, the man who has made Madame de Gasparin such an enthusiastic marriage."

"For such she is. She maintains that all women ought to be married, and asserts that statistics are wrong when they show that there are more women than men in the world. In the meantime, in couple parfaite, as the married pair de Gasparin are called, is always a beautiful sign on the earth."

"The Countess de Gasparin, known as a clever authoress, and especially for her work on Marriage, paid me a visit the day after my arrival. She is an agreeable blond, still young, with refined features—a lovable person, with French ease of demeanor and facility of expression, very eloquent and somewhat decided in manner. We were soon disputing on more subjects than people can discuss in many conversations. But it mattered not. One may like, and even become attached to, those with whom one can not agree. I like the Countess de Gasparin for her candor and amiability, and accepted with sincere pleasure an invitation to her country home near Geneva."

"With the perfect married couple, husband and wife Gasparin, I have become earnestly well acquainted. They invited me to dinner parties and soirees. I begged them to afford me 'hospitality of the soul,' which is not in the power of all to give, but which was no wise difficult to them—if they would. They most kindly understood my desires, and permitted me enjoyment of quiet hours in their domestic circle—quiet, earnest conversation. We did not agree—it was impossible that we should—upon many topics; but I learned from them the better to understand how much good there may be in the view which attaches itself to the Divine inspiration of the letter of the Scriptures."

"The Count de Gasparin is a nobleman—a gentleman, in the last and fullest meaning of the word. In conversation and discussion he is infinitely agreeable. Both husband and wife labor for the good of the people, partly as writers, partly as helpers and counsellors in their temporal needs, especially on their own estates—for they are wealthy, and employ their wealth in a noble manner. Would that there were many who resembled them!"

"He who puts a bad construction upon a good act, reveals his own wickedness at heart."

"A wise book is a true friend; its author, a public benefactor."

"There is no cannon that can strike more fatally than outraged public sentiment."

"Hackney's Voyages, printed in 1599, contain the first instance of the semicolon as a punctuation mark."

"The young lady who gives herself away loses her self possession."

"A letter from Italy says that Victor Emmanuel is a good monarch, but an extremely 'fast' one. He loves both women and wine rather too promiscuously."

"One of our exchanges reports that a man down in Maine thinks so much of Jeff Davis that he has named his dog in his honor. Hard on the dog, that!"

"A company of rebels from Tennessee, who have entered Kentucky, call themselves 'Bull Pups.' The Kentuckians should see to it that they are not tarriers. So says Phil labor, and he ought to know."

"Young Green, when studying anatomy, was told that the upper bone of the arm is called the humerus. 'Oh!' said Green, 'that is what they call the funny bone, isn't it?'"

"Hackney's Voyages, printed in 1599, contain the first instance of the semicolon as a punctuation mark."

LATEST NEWS.

IMPORTANT FROM THE FLEET.

REPORTED CAPTURE OF BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA—OUR FLAG FLYING OVER THE COURT HOUSE.

BALTIMORE, NOV. 10.—The steamer from Old Point has arrived. The passengers report that a flag of truce had arrived from Norfolk, and brought no news from the expedition, but that the whereabouts of the rebel steamer stated to be one of the hands of the Federal steamer, that Beaufort had been taken by the United States troops, and that our flag was waving over the Court House.

Passengers by the boat also report that the Richmond Enquirer, of Friday, contains a dispatch from Charleston, dated Wednesday, simply stating that the Union troops had landed at two points and were marching inland. The dispatch did not say any more.

The officers of the rebel flag of truce refuse to give any information whatever.

STILL LATER.

BEAUFORT PROBABLY CAPTURED—AND THE RAILROAD SEIZED.

News from Hatteras says that a deserter from the enemy stated that news had been received on the mainland of the capture of the two rebel forts at Port Royal, and the landing of a large Federal force.

Beaufort had also been taken by our troops. No particulars had arrived, but the main facts correspond with the news received a few hours since from Norfolk by a flag of truce.

Great excitement prevailed on the arrival of the news at Norfolk. From the same source we have a rumor that the railroad about Beaufort (the line connecting Savannah and Charleston) had fallen into the possession of our troops, with an immense quantity of stores.

THE BLUE SKY.

Home of my God! I bless the loving hand
That drew thy web, so fair, so high, so grand;
Up from my daily toil, my weary strife,
I gaze rebuked for all my nerveless life,
Rebuked like Peter, as betrayed by me,
My injured Lord looks down reproachfully;
And just before, removed a little space,
My plying Father hides His tender face.

Home of my God! I lift my fevered brow,
And almost feel the heavenly blessing now,
As when a child I lay amid the grass,
With eyes upraised to see the shadows pass,
And dreamed that where the sunlight glimmered
through,

Two God's eye watching all we think or do,
And so entered in my childish way
Would that my serious eyes and only pray.

Home of my God! that blessed day is past;
My womanhood in other paths is cast;
Too often in the thorn and dust of sin,
Where good departs and evil enters in;
And yet I lift my eyes and dare to pray,
I dare to ask His blessing on my way,
For I was once untempted, undefiled,
And even though staining, I am still His child.

Home of my God! blue arch divinely fair,
That spans alike our cursing or our prayer,
The whole earth drops away, I seem to stand
At thy pearl gates and in thy blessed land;
No cloud or mist obscures my vision now,
The thorny crown drops from my aching brow,
My waiting soul the promised peace receives,
And Jesus crowns my head with healing leaves.

My Father's house! oh, come that blessed day,
When from my soul the flesh shall drop away!
And I shall rest safe from all storms or calms
In the dear shelter of my Father's arms.
Roll back, blue sky! open your door of light,
Another angel comes in robes of white!
Break, yoke of sin! ye heavy burdens fall!
My soul leaps up to meet the heavenly call.

—Rhode Island Schoolmaster.

THE FAITHFUL SENTINEL.

The French army lay encamped only
about a day's march from Berlin. The senti-
nels were doubled, and the strict orders
given, for the Prussian and Austrian spies
were plenty and troublesome. At midnight,
Pierre Sanein was stationed at one of the
outposts. He was a stout, bold, shrewd man,
and a good soldier. The colonel of his regi-
ment was with the sergeant on this beat,
having requested to be called at midnight,
that he might visit the outpost.

"Pierre," he said, after the men had been
posted, "you must keep your eyes open.
Don't let even a stray horse go out or come
in without the pass. Do you understand?"
"Aye, mon colonel, I shall be prompt.
The dogs are all around us, and you cannot
be too careful. Don't trust men or brutes."
"Never fear," was Pierre's answer, as he
brought his firelock to his shoulder, and
moved back a pace.

After this the guard moved on to the next
post, and Pierre Sanein was left alone.
Pierre's post was one of the most important
in the camp, or around it, and he had been
placed there for that reason. The ground
over which he had to walk was a long knoll,
bounded at one end by a huge rock, and at
the other sloping away into a narrow ravine,
in which was a cove of willows. Beyond
this cove the ground was low and boggy, so
that a man could not pass it. The rock was
found in the last struggles of death.

The officer stooped down and turned him
over.
"Grand Dieu!" he cried, "what legs for a
dog, eh?"
And no wonder he did so. The hind legs
of the animal were boosted, and had every ap-
pearance of the pedal extremities of the genus
man. But all doubts were removed very
quickly, for as the officer turned the body
again, a deep groan came up, and the words,
"God take me!" in the Prussian tongue, fol-
lowed.

"Diable! here's an adventure!" uttered the
officer, and made Pierre hold the lantern
while he ripped open enough of the dog's
skin to find the face. But they concluded
not to stop there to investigate, so they
formed a litter by crossing their muskets, and
lifting the strange animal upon it, they pro-
ceeded on their way. When they reached
the camp, they found half the soldiers up,
waiting to find out why the gun was fired.

Lights were brought, and the body placed
upon the ground. The dog skin was re-
moved, and within was found a Prussian
drummer. He was a small fellow, though
apparently some twenty years of age; but he
was dead, Pierre's ball having touched his
heart, or somewhere very near it. His
pockets were overhauled, and in one of them
was found a cypher, but no one could make
anything out. The colonel took it, and di-
rected that the body should be placed out of
sight for burial on the morrow.

But this was not the end. About four
o'clock, just before daylight, another gun
was fired on the same post where Pierre had
been, and this time a man was shot who was
trying to make his escape from the camp.
He was shot through the head. When the
body was brought into camp, it was found to
be that of a Bavarian trooper who had been
suspected of treachery, though no proof had
been found against him. On his person was
found the key to the cypher which had been
taken from the Prussian drummer; and now
that the colonel had both them, he could
translate the mystic scroll. It proved to be a
direction to the Bavarian to lay his plans for
keeping as near to Napoleon's person as pos-
sible, after he should enter Berlin, and then
wait for further orders.

The mystery was explained. The Bava-
rian had contrived to call the great dog away
from the regiment and delivered him up to
the enemy, and his skin was to be made the
cover for a spy to enter the camp under.
And the spy would have got in, too, but for
the sportive order of the colonel, and the
willfully faithful obedience of Pierre Sanein.

On the next day, Pierre was promoted to
the rank of sergeant, and the Emperor said
to him, as he bestowed the boon—"If you
only make as faithful an officer as you have
proved yourself faithful as a sentinel, I can
ask no more."

BURNING OF A REBEL SCHOONER.

[SEE ENGRAVING ON FIRST PAGE.]

Lieut. Harrell, of the steamer Union, was
born in Virginia, and entered the Naval Aca-
demy at Annapolis, as a citizen of Tennessee,
in 1834. His commission dates from May
17th, 1847. Left an orphan at a very early
age, he was adopted by a relative, who, hav-
ing some political influence, recommended
him to select the Navy as a profession.
Lieut. Harrell was tempted some months ago
with a very flattering offer from the rebel au-
thorities, but "he remembered his oath and
he loved his flag." The engraving, from one
in Frank Leslie's paper, sketched by a brother
officer, illustrates a recent bold expedition. He
says, in his official report, dated Oct. 11th:—

"Being informed of a large schooner lying
in Quantico or Dumfries Creek, and know-
ing, also, that a large number of troops were
collected at that point, with the view of cross-
ing the Potomac River, as was reported to
me, I conceived it to be my duty to destroy
her. With this object in view, I took two
launches and my boat and pulled in for the
vessel, at half-past two o'clock this morning.

One of the launches was commanded by mid-
shipman W. P. Stewart, accompanied by the
master, Edward L. Haynes, of the Resolute,
and the other by acting master Amos Foster,
of the Resolute. I also took with me the
pilot of the vessel, Lewis Penn. Some little
difficulty was experienced in finding the en-
trance to the creek, which you will remember
is very narrow. But having found it, we
pulled up this crooked channel within pistol
shot of either shore, until we discovered the
schooner. She was close to the shore in
charge of a sentry, who fled at our approach
and alarmed the camp. She had a new suit
of sails and all the furniture complete in the
cabin, which was collected together, and
fired, producing a beautiful conflagration, but
unfortunately revealing our position to the
enemy, who commenced a rapid fire from
both banks of that narrow and tortuous
stream, intermingled with opprobrious epi-
thets, until we were beyond their range.

"Our crews returned a random fire from
the boats and two launches, gave three cheers,
and pulled for their vessels, the light from
the burning schooner guiding them on their
way. Her destruction was complete, and al-
though the clothes of the men and the boat
were perforated with balls not a man was
killed. Officers and men vied with each
other in the performance of their duty. Act-
ing Master Foster applied the match in the
cabin of the doomed vessel."

Dumfries or Quantico Creek, for it is
known by both these names, is about 22
miles below Alexandria, being situated be-
tween Occoquan River and Aquia Creek.

THE ARMY OF THE KNITTERS.

Far away in your camps by the storied Potomac,
Where your lances are lifted for Liberty's weal,
As the North wind comes down from the hills of
the homeland,
Say, catch ye the clash of our beheading steel?

Our hands are untrained to the touch of the rifle,
They shrink from the blade that grows red in
the fight;
But their womanly weapons leap keen from their
sheathing.

And the work that they find they will do with
their might.

Your host that stands marshalled in solemn bat-
talions,
Beneath the dear flag of the stripes and the stars,
Hath as valiant a counterpart here at our hearth-
stones.

As ever went forth to the brunt of the war!
Uplift in your strength the bright swords of your
fathers!

Repeat for yourselves the brave work they have
done!
We've the *side-arms* our mothers wore proudly
before us.

And the heart of the field and fireside is one!

We rouse to the rescue! We've mustered in
thousands!

We may not march on in the face of the foe;
Yet, while ye shall tramp to the sound of the
battle,
Fast to fast we'll keep pace wheresoever ye
go!

Ay, soul unto soul, are we knitted together!
By link upon link, in one purpose we're
bound!

God mete us the meed of our common endeavor,
And our differing deeds with one blessing be
crowned!

—Boston Transcript.

THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF COUNT
CAVOUR.—A biographical account of Cavour
says:—"His appearance was neither captivat-
ing nor imposing. With regard to Cavour's
outward form and person, any photo-
graph will give the reader a clear perception
of it, and what no photograph can give—the
look of power, the half-mild, half-skeptical
smile, and the keenness of these worn, over-
worked eyes—I despair of giving alone."

The squat—and I know no better term—
portly form; the small stumpy legs; the
short, round arms, with the hands stuck con-
stantly in the trousers' pockets; the thick
neck, in which you could see the veins swell-
ing; the scant, thin hair; the blurred,
blotched face; and the sharp gray eyes,
covered by the goggles spectacles—these
things must be known to all who have ex-
amined the likeness of Italy's greatest states-
man." When Cavour was at Plombieres, and
the terms of the alliance were under discus-
sion, the Emperor Napoleon turned to him
one day and said: "Do you know, there are but
three men in all Europe: one is myself, the
second is you, and the third is one whose
name I will not mention."

All our Arctic explorers have enjoyed
one important advantage; in their deadliest
perils they always kept cool.

PAYING A PHYSICIAN IN GERMANY.

It is a reasonable thing when one is ill, to
have a physician; and particularly in a for-
eign country, it seems only wise to have the
best, even where all are men of learning, as
they undoubtedly are here. The most famous
physician of Stuttgart is, of course, the court
physician, and we asked our first German
visitor for information in regard to him.
"The court doctor, Dr. Von Ludwig, why,
he is very rich!"

"Is that all?"
"Oh, no, very skillful, and scientific. He
dines at the Marquardt, the first hotel in the
place; has a table to himself, of course, and
when he is done eating he puts in his pocket
whatever he has left, that his dog would like,
beef, veal, or anything of the kind."

"The dirty man!"
"Yes, he is very dirty. He looks quite
greasy, and sometimes even ragged. He is
entirely without ceremony. One day, not
long ago, he met one of his patients, a lady,
in the street, and she stopped him to tell him
about an annoying toothache, which she
thought proceeded from the generally disor-
dered state of her health. 'Let me see your
tooth,' said the doctor. The lady opened her
mouth. 'Now shut your eyes!' The lady
shut her eyes, and the doctor counted. It
is not to be presumed that a court lady, or
any lady, would stand long in the street with
her mouth open and her eyes shut, and the
lady soon discovered her ridiculous position,
but she is said to have been considerably dis-
composed. Another lady, having sent for
him to her room, put her hand on her side,
and said, 'Doctor, I have such a pain when-
ever I put my hand here.' 'Then,' said the
doctor, shortly, 'don't put your hand there
any more. Adieu!' And while the surprised
lady sat with her hand on her side, probably
unconscious of whatever pain there might be
at the moment under her fingers, the laconic
physician departed."

"We don't want Dr. Ludwig, with his
greasy pockets and eccentric ways. Who
else is there?"
At last we fix upon a Dr. Reis, for two rea-
sons: he is quick, and he gives little medi-
cine. Dr. Reis forthwith makes his appear-
ance. He has flaxen hair and black eyes, a
heavy form and a lively countenance: a mix-
ture, he seemed to be, of the slow Swabian
and the sprightly Frank. He is a good-na-
tured, talkative man, and we are sorry when
his visits are at an end. Now hear our clos-
ing conversation:—

"Doctor, will you please tell me what I
owe you?"
"Owe me! you don't owe me anything."
"For your visits, I mean, and prescriptions?"
"Oh, let that alone until next year."

"Then you will be obliged to send your
bill to America."

"I make no bills. Physicians never keep
accounts."

We remember now that the distinguished
oculist in Berlin, Von Graefe, never made
any charge, his services to the poor being
gratis, and compensated by the free gifts of
the rich. We remember, too, that Von Graefe
is said to complain of the stinginess of Ameri-
cans. But we make no allusion to Von
Graefe. We simply ask—

"Is it not the custom in Germany to pay
physicians?"

"It is not the custom to ask them for their
bill, as if they were shoemakers. The physi-
cian's services are those of a friend, and he is
treated accordingly."

Somewhat abashed, we lay down our purse;
but unwilling to give up the matter, we re-
mark—

"We pay doctors in our country. We
don't ask them as soon as we recover, for
their bills, it is true, but when they want
money, or at regular periods, they send their
bills to us."

"I assure you, German physicians keep no
accounts. They receive an acknowledgement
of their services, if it is sent them, but if it is
not sent, they say nothing."

The doctor departs, and we ponder on
the question. How much do we owe him? We
ask a young German gentleman who calls.

"Oh, give him just what you choose!"
We ask our landlady.

"Act exactly according to your own pleas-
ure; rather too much, however, than too
little."

"Don't we feel informed?"
"Pray, tell us what is too much, and what
too little."

"The law requires that for every visit
of a physician, he shall receive no less
than seventeen cents. This is the lowest
amount that is ever paid, and this is very
seldom enforced. I know families in com-
fortable circumstances, who never pay any-
thing for medical services, which they fre-
quently receive. The physician prefers being
defrauded of his dues, to the obloquy a law
process brings upon him. It is an inconve-
nient custom both for patient and doctor. The
patient, no matter how ill, must keep an ac-
count of the number of visits, yet with the
utmost desire to be just, feels embarrassed
when the acknowledgement is made. Now,"

continued our landlady, "I have been ill, as
you know, eight months, confined to my bed
six months of the time, and my physician
has shown every possible kindness and at-
tention. I certainly am greatly indebted to
him, but I do not know what to pay him."

We made no remark, but we could not
avoid thinking: If you, German people, could
just get the world comfort into your language,
and the idea into your heads, you would
know what to pay your doctors, and would
rid yourselves of a thousand disagreeable
things.

THE currency of the south is now Con-
federate treasury notes, redeemable at no
particular time or place; State war bonds,
based on whatever the governors can con-
fiscate and steal; bank issues of non-specie-
paying incorporations; village shopkeepers',
and "good for a drink" tickets of whiskey
sellers.

NOT YET.

Not yet, not yet. Ah! let me gaze once more
Into those eyes, those earnest, truthful eyes!
A little while, and then my dream is o'er;
And I, a wanderer under alien skies,
Shall see thy face no more, nor hear thy low
replies.

See, in the west, the sun grows broad and red;
His golden glory rests upon thy brow,
And makes a halo round thy down-bent head,
And glimmers o'er thy soft dark locks that flow
In waves of light above, in waves of shade
below.

That setting sun will rise again in night,
Will dry the tears the sorrowing night hath
shed;
Will wake the world to gladness and to light.
What sun, the summer of the heart once fled,
Can brighten into spring its winter, cold and
dead?

The red light fades: go forth upon thy way
Thro' the dim eve, and leave me here alone;
A deeper night than follows after day
Will darken o'er my soul when thou art gone—
A night no waking dawn will ever rise upon.

CURIOUS INSTINCT OF THE HOG.

It is common for farmers who reside in the
thinly settled tracts of the United States, to
suffer their hogs to run at large. These ani-
mals feed upon acorns, which are very abun-
dant in our extensive forests, and in this
situation they often become wild and feroc-
ious. A gentleman, while travelling some
years ago, through the wilds of Vermont,
perceived at a little distance before him a
herd of swine, and his attention was arrested
by the agitation they exhibited. He quickly
perceived a number of young pigs in the
centre of the herd, and that the hogs were
arranged about them in a conical form, hav-
ing their heads all turned outwards. At the
apex of this singular cone a huge boar had
placed himself, who, from his size, seemed to
be the master of the herd. The traveller now
observed that a famished wolf was attempt-
ing, by various manoeuvres, to seize on the
pigs in the middle; but, wherever he made
an attack, the huge boar at the apex of the
cone presented himself—the hogs dexterously
arranging themselves on each side of him, so
as to preserve the position of defence just
mentioned. The attention of the traveller
was for a moment withdrawn, and upon
turning to view the combatants, he was sur-
prised to find the herd of swine dispersed,
and the wolf no longer to be seen. On riding
up to the spot, the wolf was discovered dead
on the ground, a rent being made in his side
more than a foot in length—the boar, no
doubt, having seized a favorable opportunity,
and with a sudden plunge dispatched his ad-
versary with his formidable tusks. It is a lit-
tle remarkable that the ancient Romans,
among the various methods they devised for
drawing up their armies in battle, had one
exactly resembling the posture assumed by
the swine above mentioned. The mode of
attack was called *Cuneus*, or *Caput porcinum*.
—*Silliman's Journal*.

FAMOUS NAVAL EXPEDITIONS.

The departure of our great naval expedi-
tion from Hampton Roads naturally attracts
attention to the history of similar under-
takings. It is among the greatest of the kind
which the battle roll of nations contains an
account of.

Though it will not compare with that
against Sebastopol, which numbered some
six hundred vessels and ninety thousand men,
it figures respectively by the side of any other
that can be named. The "Invincible Arma-
da," dispatched under Philip II., of Spain, for
the conquest of England, to be sure num-
bered one hundred and thirty-seven ships, but
the largest of those vessels were mere cock-
boats compared with some of ours, and they
all together embarked only twenty thousand
soldiers and eleven thousand sailors. So the
expedition of Charles V., to Tunis numbered
five hundred Genoese and Spanish vessels,
but carried only thirty thousand men. That
of Peter the Great upon the Caspian Sea
numbered two hundred and seventy ships,
but only twenty thousand men. The expedi-
tion of Gustavus Adolphus to Germany
numbered fifteen or eighteen thousand men;
that of Jussuf against Candia thirty thou-
sand; that of Kionpieri against the same
stronghold, fifty thousand; that of Charles
XII., upon Denmark, fifty thousand. Hoche,
in his attempted descent upon Ireland, count-
ed twenty-five thousand. Bonaparte's expedi-
tion to Egypt consisted of twenty-five thou-
sand men, with thirteen ships, seventeen
frigates, and four hundred transports. Aber-
crombie's expedition to Egypt numbered
twenty thousand men; Cathcart's to Copen-
hagen, twenty-five thousand, and to Spain
thirty thousand. Bonaparte's contemplated
expedition, in which preparations were made
for throwing one hundred and fifty thousand
disciplined veterans upon England, by means
of three thousand pinnaces, protected by
sixty ships of the line, is not entitled to be
brought into comparison, inasmuch as it was
never carried out. The English expedition
against Washington numbered eight thou-
sand, and against New Orleans fifteen thou-
sand. The French expedition against Algiers
thirty thousand. The United States expedi-
tion, under Gen. Scott, against Mexico, twelve
thousand.

SMOOTH BORE MUSKETS.—Many army of-
ficers prefer a large proportion of regiments
armed with smooth-bore, in a general en-
gagement. Each is loaded with a bullet and
three buckshot, and they are far more effec-
tive than rifles for close fighting, besides bear-
ing much longer use, without becoming
fouled. All agree that the companies intend-
ed for skirmishing should be armed with the
rifle-bore and minie bullet.

"Is anybody waiting on you?" said a
polite dry goods clerk, to a girl from the
country. "Yes, sir," said the blushing dam-
sel, "that's my father outside. He wouldn't
come in."

CHEERFULNESS.

MARY MALONEY'S IDEA OF A LOVER

"What are you singing for?" said I to
Mary Maloney.

"Oh! I don't know, ma'am, without it's
because my heart feels happy."

"Happy are you, Mary Maloney? Let
me see you don't own a foot of land in the
world."

"Foot of land, is it?" she cried, with a
hearty Irish laugh. "Oh! what a hand ye
be after joking! why, I haven't a penny, let
alone the land."

"Your mother is dead?"
"God rest her soul, yes," replied Mary
Maloney, with a touch of genuine pathos.
"May the angels make her a bed in Heav-
en."

"Your brother is still a hard case, I sup-
pose?"
"Ah! you may well say that. It's noth-
ing but drink, drink, drink, and beating his
poor wife, that she is, poor creature."

"You have to pay your sister's board?"
"Sure, the bit cratur, and she's a good little
girl, is Hanny, willing to do whatever I ax
her; I don't grudge the money what goes for
that."

"You haven't many fashionable dresses,
either, Mary Maloney?"
"Fashionable, is it? Oh! yes, I put a
piece of whalebone in me skirt, and me cal-
ico gown looks as big as the great ladies.
But then ye say true, I haven't but two
gowns to me back, two shoes to me feet, and
one bonnet to me head, barring the old hood
ye gave me."

"You haven't any lover, Mary Maloney?"
"Oh! be off wid ye!—ketch Mary Maloney
getting a lover these days when the hard
times is come. No, no, thank Heaven, I
ain't got that to trouble me yet, nor I don't
want it."

"What on earth, then, have you got to
make you happy? A drunken brother, a
poor helpless sister, no mother, no father, no
lover—why, where do you get all your happi-
ness from?"

"The Lord be praised, miss, it grewed up
in me. Give me a bit of sunshine, a clean
flure, plenty of work, and a sup at the right
time, and I'm made. That makes me laugh
and sing. And then if deep troubles come,
why, God helpin' me, I'll try to keep me
heart up. Sure it would be a sad thing if
Patrick McGruce should take it into his head
to ax me, but the Lord willin', I'd try to bear
up under it."

The last speech upset my gravity. The
idea of looking upon a lover as an affliction
was so droll. But she was evidently sincere,
having the example of her sister's husband,
and her drunken brother.

AIR, SUNSHINE AND HEALTH.

A New York merchant noticed, in the pro-
gress of years, that each successive book-
keeper gradually lost his health, and finally
died of consumption, however vigorous and
robust he was on entering his service. At
length it occurred to him that the little reas-
room where the books were kept opened in a
back-yard, so surrounded by high walls, that
no sunshine came into it from one year's end
to another. An upper room, well lighted,
was immediately prepared, and his clerks had
uniform good health ever after.

A familiar case to general readers is derived
from medical works, where an entire English
family became ill, and all remedies seemed
to fail of their usual results, when accident-
ally a window-glass of the family-room was
broken, in cold weather. It was not repaired,
and forthwith there was a marked im-
provement in the health of the inmates. The
physician at once traced the connection, dis-
continued his medicines, and ordered that the
window-pane should not be replaced.

A French lady became ill. The most emi-
nent physicians of her time were called in,
but failed to restore her. At length Dupey-
tren, the Napoleon of physic, was consulted.
He noticed that she lived in a dim room, into
which the sun never shone; the house being
situated in one of the narrow streets, or rather
lanes of Paris. He at once ordered more airy
and cheerful apartments, and "all her com-
plaints vanished."

The lungs of a dog become tubercu-
lated (consumptive) in a few weeks, if kept
confined in a dark cellar. The most com-
mon plant grows spindly, pale, and scrag-
gling, if no sunlight fall upon it. The great-
est medical names in France, of the last cen-
tury, regarded sunshine and pure air as equal
agents in restoring and maintaining health.

From these facts, which cannot be dis-
puted, the most common mind should conclude
that cellars, and rooms on the northern side
of buildings, or apartments into which the
sun does not immediately shine, should never
be occupied as family-rooms or chambers or
as libraries or "studies." Such apartments
are only fit for "storage," or purposes which
never require persons to remain in them over
a few minutes at a time. And every intelli-
gent and humane parent will arrange that
the family-room and the chambers shall be
the most commodious, lightest and brightest
apartments in his dwelling.—*Dr. Hall*.

THE medical examination of recruits for
the army is performed with amazing rapidity
by surgeons who understand the business, as
follows:—"The recruit is denuded of all
clothing but trousers. 'Now stand on tip-
toe—raise both hands above your head, close
together, palms outward—stretch to full
height—now sink upon your haunches—keep-
ing on tip-toe—now at a spring stretch
at full length.' No man who is defective in
point of muscle can go through these pos-
tures without showing his weakness. The
doctor then traces gently the chest, and by a
peculiar nicety of touch ascertains the pres-
ence or absence of any aneurisms of the
large veins or arteries, and a thumper on
either lung reveals the condition of those or-
gans. In a half minute the question is set-
tled, and the man is accepted or rejected."

It is a reasonable thing when one is ill, to
have a physician; and particularly in a for-
eign country, it seems only wise to have the
best, even where all are men of learning, as
they undoubtedly are here. The most famous
physician of Stuttgart is, of course, the court
physician, and we asked our first German
visitor for information in regard to him.
"The court doctor, Dr. Von Ludwig, why,
he is very rich!"

"Is that all?"
"Oh, no, very skillful, and scientific. He
dines at the Marquardt, the first hotel in the
place; has a table to himself, of course, and
when he is done eating he puts in his pocket
whatever he has left, that his dog would like,
beef, veal, or anything of the kind."

"The dirty man!"
"Yes, he is very dirty. He looks quite
greasy, and sometimes even ragged. He is
entirely without ceremony. One day, not
long ago, he met one of his patients, a lady,
in the street, and she stopped him to tell him
about an annoying toothache, which she
thought proceeded from the generally disor-
dered state of her health. 'Let me see your
tooth,' said the doctor. The lady opened her
mouth. 'Now shut your eyes!' The lady
shut her eyes, and the doctor counted. It
is not to be presumed that a court lady, or
any lady, would stand long in the street with
her mouth open and her eyes shut, and the
lady soon discovered her ridiculous position,
but she is said to have been considerably dis-
composed. Another lady, having sent for
him to her room, put her hand on her side,
and said, 'Doctor, I have such a pain when-
ever I put my hand here.' 'Then,' said the
doctor, shortly, 'don't put your hand there
any more. Adieu!' And while the surprised
lady sat with her hand on her side, probably
unconscious of whatever pain there might be
at the moment under her fingers, the laconic
physician departed."

"We don't want Dr. Ludwig, with his
greasy pockets and eccentric ways. Who
else is there?"
At last we fix upon a Dr. Reis, for two rea-
sons: he is quick, and he gives little medi-
cine. Dr. Reis forthwith makes his appear-
ance. He has flaxen hair and black eyes, a
heavy form and a lively countenance: a mix-
ture, he seemed to be, of the slow Swabian
and the sprightly Frank. He is a good-na-
tured, talkative man, and we are sorry when
his visits are at an end. Now hear our clos-
ing conversation:—

"Doctor, will you please tell me what I
owe you?"
"Owe me! you don't owe me anything."
"For your visits, I mean, and prescriptions?"
"Oh, let that alone until next year."

"Then you will be obliged to send your
bill to America."

"I make no bills. Physicians never keep
accounts."

We remember now that the distinguished
oculist in Berlin, Von Graefe, never made
any charge, his services to the poor being
gratis, and compensated by the free gifts of
the rich

THE COUNTERSIGN.

[The following beautiful lines were written by Frank G. Williams, a private in company G, of Stuart's Engineer Regiment, now at Camp Lesley, near Washington. In explanation of one of the verses of the poem, we may state that white rags are frequently scattered along the sentinel's post of a dark night, to mark his beat.]

Alas! the weary hours pass slow,
The night is very dark and still,
And in the marshes far below,
I hear the hoarse and whistling;
I scarce can see a yard ahead,
My ears are strained to catch each sound—
I hear the leaves about me shed,
And the springs bubbling thro' the ground.

Along the beaten path I pace,
Where white rags mark my sentry's track;
In formless shrubs I seem to trace
The fowler's form, with bending back;
I think I see him crouching low—
I stop and list—I stoop and peer,
Until the neighboring hillocks grow
To groups of soldiers far and near.

With ready piece I wait and watch,
Until my eyes familiar grow,
Detect each harmless earthen notch,
And turn guerrillas into stone;
And then amid the lonely gloom,
Beneath the tall old chestnut trees,
My silent marches I resume,
And think of other times than these.

"Halt! Who goes there?" My challenge cry,
It rings along the watchful line;
"Relief!" I hear a voice reply—
"Advance, and give the countersign!"
With bayonet at the mystic spell;
The corporal gives the charge I wait;
With arms apart I charge my mate,
Then onward pass, and all is well.

But in the tent that night, awake,
I ask, if in the fray I fall,
Can I the mystic answer make
When the angelic sentries call?
And pray that Heaven may so ordain,
Where'er I go, what fate be mine,
Whether in pleasure or in pain,
I still may have the Countersign.

LILIAN'S PERPLEXITIES.
A TALE IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

BY A. W. DUBOURG.

CHAPTER IX.

A NEW IDOL.

It was the end of the year, and the Temples were occupying their house at Brighton. "I confess that I don't mind making people wait for me, but I hate waiting for them," remarked Lillian.

"Mrs. Vernon always contrives to be late," rejoined Frank Scott. "I'll be bound it's Margaret Vernon's anxiety about her hair! I say, Frank, can you guess why Mrs. Vernon was so anxious to be my chaperon this evening?" inquired Lillian, archly.

"No; why?" replied Scott, impervious to any joke on the subject.

"Because" (and Lillian smiled) "a certain young lady is in love with a certain young gentleman—but I won't reveal secrets."

Then ensued a long silence, and Lillian and Scott felt respectively into reveries in face of a most delightful fire.

Let the circumstances of the case be duly stated. It was a cold December evening, and furthermore it was after dinner.

Poets may talk as they will of purling brooks, but I contend that there is not a more loving friend to sleep than a delicious flickering flame which wows the eyelids to the eye with its golden glare, and sings softly in the ear with the music of its chimney dance. And those mosses by purling streams, granted that they are very soft—but, then, there is rheumatism, with beetles, and such like denizens, and that bronzy green. Let us at once discard such damp idealism—depend upon it that an arm-chair, stuffed by a master-hand, where the arms are just high enough for the elbow to support the head without straining, out-distances all poetic moss.

As I take it, the inevitable end of after-dinner castle-building in the living coal is sleep. Lillian leaned forward, her head resting on her hand, for fear of injury to her dainty head-dress. Her thoughts wandered fantastically. "But he is handsome," she muttered to herself, glancing at Frank Scott, whose head was thrown back, resting on his bent arm, showing the fine profile of his face and a plummy whisker—light tan tint—the softness of floss silk—the crispness of bank notes. Alas, for the vanity of men! I'm half inclined to believe that Scott had thrown himself into a sort of artistic pose.

"No wonder girls fall in love with him," thought Lillian, "out of sheer admiration for his beauty, and envy me desperately."

Now the word beauty as applied to men always drove Lillian's thoughts to the wax busts in hair dressers' windows; the recumbent face of Scott seemed to grow before her eyes into wax, and a sort of dim, jumbling, incoherent inquiry arose as to the respective merits of men's faces, real or in wax, till the whole question was carried to dreamland for solution. Now, when the eyes of Lillian were fairly closed, the eyes of Scott opened wide. There was no doubt that it was going very ill with Scott: in a quiet state of mind sleep would have been inevitable. Poor foolish Scott! He would not have dared to do it had Lillian been awake—he gazed upon her with eyes of tenderest admiration. Ah, me! there had hitherto been a perfect diamond-cut-diamond life between them, and he was afraid to relinquish his old manner all at once, but every cutting thing he said smote him to the quick.

Then, on lightest tip-toe, he crept to the end of the room, and drawing from its con-

cealment a beautiful bouquet, stole back, and delicately placed it on Lillian's lap.

"I'm quite ready! Is Mrs. Vernon come?" exclaimed Lillian, starting.

"Somebody's been asleep," observed Scott.

"Nonsense! only thinking with my eyes shut," replied Lillian, indignantly.

"I'm sure you've had a very fatiguing day, riding up and down those downs—I don't wonder at your being tired."

Scott said this as tenderly as he dared.

"Don't be absurd, Frank; you know I hate anybody to say I'm tired. What a lovely bouquet! Why, Frank—"

"The gift of Bonnus."

"You are a dear kind boy! But I can't take it to the hall."

"Oh, Lillian!"

"At any other time I should have been only too pleased—but—"

"Fiddlisticks!"

"I'm serious, Frank. Twice this very day I have been congratulated upon being engaged to you."

"That don't annoy me."

"Nor me either. People always will talk nonsense. My only objection is that I do believe you really are getting quite stupid about me."

Scott had never dreamt of a direct attack. The masked battery which he had so cautiously erected was destroyed.

"Now, Frank, I warn you, once for all, not to fall in love with me."

"Well really, Lillian," stammered Scott, intending to disclaim the charge.

"Oh! it's no use your denying it—you used to be always chaffing me, and now you're grown so dreadfully polite—that's a fatal sign."

"Come now, Lillian," said Scott, suddenly changing his tactics. "Why am I to be specially singled out?"

"Because, Frank, as I treat you like an old playmate and a cousin, the world may think that my conduct arises from a deeper feeling. The world may think what it likes in this respect, but if you happen to mistake my conduct, and thereupon make me an offer—which, by the way, I should refuse—you will stand aggrieved before the world, and I shall be accused, for the second time, of trifling with a man's affections."

"Oh, Lillian!" cried Scott, with fervor, "recall those words—give me hope—refuse me at some future time, but not now."

"From this evening," continued Lillian, "I shall change my conduct towards you—you must be no longer Cousin Frank."

"No, no, Lillian, don't do that, let us be on the old terms. There, I'll swear if I ever chance to make you an offer—not a soul shall know it. You'll take my word for that, Lillian, won't you?"

"It's all very well, Frank, but I won't have you so much as think of falling in love with me. I'm wretchedly sickle, I know I am; I haven't one atom of steady feeling."

"Who says this?"

"Oh, everybody, Frank."

"Not I, for one."

"I'm a flirt and a jilt; that's what I was told," exclaimed Lillian, bitterly.

"By whom?"

"Never mind!—It was by one who knew me very well."

"But I would not have stood it, Lillian," exclaimed Scott, indignantly.

"What could I say, Frank? I knew it was true!" the tears stood in her eyes.

"It was too bad, Lillian, whoever the person was."

"It was very hard to bear,—I shall never forget it to my dying day—to be told it, too, as I was told it."

"Some friend of Mr. Newton's, I suppose?"

"It was a friend of Mr. Newton's," replied Lillian guardedly, "but a friend of mine also."

She burst into tears. "I only wish dear Fred were at home again; he understands me, and puts me right, and forgives me when I'm wrong. I tell you, Frank, I often thank God he received that wound at Delhi which is to send him home to us safe from that horrid India. Everybody looks upon me as a flirt, but he won't."

Then Frank Scott saw the path which might lead to victory.

"I tell you, Lillian, I've stuck up for you, and I've had a right to speak, for I've known you so long; and though I'm not acquainted with the exact why and wherefore of the engagement with Mr. Newton being broken off—I've always said it, yes, and frequently too—that I knew you were not to blame. Why wasn't he to bear something?—why in common justice was the whole weight to fall upon you?"

"It was very good of you, Frank, but you never can convince the world. I know well enough," she continued, with bitterness, "that men talk to me for amusement, and dance with me because I dance well, but they only think of me as a flirt to while away the evening. But I accept that condition: I must have excitement—it's half my life—and it's the only sort of life I'm fit for. I learnt that long ago! But it's very hateful to think about."

"You don't do yourself justice, Lillian.—We'll forget all that question of my being in love. I say this honestly, that I believe, with all my soul, that you are good and true; and I'm certain there are many others of your friends who think so too, from what they know of your character."

"Good Cousin Frank!" and a smile lighted Lillian's countenance.

"That's right! let me be Cousin Frank again. And mind you, Lillian, I'll make it my business to fight out that absurd idea you've formed of your character. I declare I'm half provoked with you, and as for that unknown person, who on earth cares for such an opinion? Why, you are little more than a child now, Lillian—"

"Perhaps just in the eyes of the law," interrupted Lillian; "by-the-by, that is your profession."

"And you're not outgrown that wild spirit of yours," continued Scott, "and become

glum and stupid, and that's why some people find fault with you."

"You really are a splendid advocate, Frank; positively you ought to do something at the bar."

"Well, perhaps some day," he replied, in deepened voice, "when I have an object in life, I shall buckle to."

Mrs. Vernon's carriage was announced.

Lillian hesitated for a moment looking at the bouquet.

"Never mind it, Lillian," said Scott, affecting utter unconcern; "your mother will be very much pleased with it to grace the new vase."

"It's too good for that, Frank; rosebuds and violets in December! I shall take it to the hall."

And Frank Scott's heart beat violently.

One half page of moralizing—and but one half page—for love of the reader.

Self-love the theme. Behold this girl, Lillian Temple, at the ball, more beautiful, everybody declared, than they had seen her for months; and truly so, for the hard sarcastic smile which had marred her countenance had become a smile of happiness.

"Youth is youth, pleased with the enjoyment of the hour," would be the ready answer of the elderly moralist planted as a "wall-flower" amid the purgatory of a ball-room, having sipped his wine with immense gusto an hour before.

Yet it was far beyond the elderly moralist, amid the gay strains of the music and the whirl of the dance, to fathom the secret of Lillian's happiness; flattery had caused it, and though she smiled while she listened to the words of Scott, none the less was she delighted, for those words had staunch the wounds which her self-love had sustained. She had dreamt of greatness, and work and endurance; she had thought it possible to follow in the footsteps of Charles Westby—to live or die with him. Granted such like dreams may be utterly delusive; there may be no power of character to realize them; but we awake to our sense of mediocrity with a shudder; and tenfold more was it chill and bitter to Lillian when the very man whose character had created the hope in her soul, proclaimed that her own character was nothing worth.

Lillian Temple despised herself; she was in the power of anybody who could raise her in her own estimation. Frank Scott was clever enough to see how he might win her; but he did not know what an immense influence his few words had already given him over her.

Yet everybody could discover the fact except Frank Scott. She let him choose what dances he would on her tablet, she was at her brightest when he was at her side, but with his preconceived notion he fancied that all this was the retraction of her words about ceasing to treat him as a cousin.

Let Frank Scott, however, lose no time in making use of the advantage he has gained. Lillian, rising from her self-abasement, is too grateful for his esteem to reflect much on his character; but when she does think upon it, it will fall to satisfy her ideal. Frank Scott possessed talent and certain hundreds per annum, with certain other hundreds in reversion, and therefore he had lived an idle life, and done nothing. Delay was fatal to his chance of success.

Frank Scott was in the grandest spirits. He met all the banding about being engaged to Lillian with broad denial, but with inward elation at his promised victory; and he danced away gallantly; and he chatted to his partners with the fluency which belonged to him; and he danced, too, with Margaret Vernon; but that young lady found not one touch of sentiment in all he uttered.

Lillian was also attacked upon her assumed engagement with her cousin. The charge was by no means a novel one, and up to this particular evening she had been able to rebut it with excellent spirit, more particularly as it had often been made from obvious motives by the mothers of fair daughters who considered Frank Scott a very eligible parti—but now her replies were utterly lifeless, brief denials, while love stood written in her eyes. Then that bouquet was a source of embarrassment; it attracted notice by its beauty and rarity; it led to an irresistible inference which Lillian's most subtle logic was unable to confute. "No, my dear," replied one affectionate friend, epigrammatically, and with many smiles, "December roses don't bloom out of cousinly love."

In very fact, Frank Scott was Fortune's favorite this evening—all things were ordered in his interest. Who should appear at this ball, by strangest chance, but Westby, looking bored and bothered at the whole affair,—so Lillian read his countenance, but read it wrong.

Then her thoughts reverted to their last meeting and all its bitterness—those hard words which he had spoken—the contempt he had evinced for her conduct—"fickle, wavering conduct," in rejecting George Newton. She had listened and endured it all without reply, very submissive, desponding herself;—yes, but all had caused her infinite pain, for after all it was her love for him which was the real cause of her error; but that was a fact which he could never know. Thus it was that the presence of Westby threw her feelings with still greater vehemence towards Frank Scott. Here was one at least who had upheld her character when she herself denied it—who had declared his faith in her goodness and her heart. Why, resting on this new strength, she need not shrink any longer from Charles Westby; she could meet his contempt without dismay, ay, and if so be, the contempt of the whole world.

She determined to go and speak to Westby on her cousin's arm. She told Scott that she wished to join her chaperon. He led her across the room. Her spirit rose into bold defiance. This was the man for whom she had been taunted at the time for giving up Newton: she had denied the accusation, and with truth, and now that denial would be a

palpable lie in Westby's eyes. Let him think the worst of her. What matter? Frank Scott believed in her truth. They came upon Westby as if by accident.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Westby?" said Lillian. She gave him her hand, but at the very moment she involuntarily drew closer to Frank Scott.

Her hand in Westby's hand was cold and inanimate; and though her heart beat violently she was perfectly self-possessed.

Westby, on the contrary, appeared nervous and disconcerted.

"Who would have dreamt of seeing you here to-night?" continued Lillian. "We could never get you to our balls."

"You know balls are not much in my way," rejoined Westby, speaking with hesitation. "It's a wonder I'm at Brighton at all, but the Marners would make me come to them for a few days."

At that moment a claimant appeared for Lillian's hand in the coming waltz, and carried her off.

"We are the only people dancing," observed Lillian to her partner.

"They'll begin again directly if we set them an example."

To the surprise of everybody the music suddenly stopped.

"What an absurdly short waltz!" exclaimed Lillian. "What can it mean? Why did they stop the dance, Frank?" she inquired of her cousin, who had that moment crossed the room to where she was standing.

Scott made no reply to the question.

"Mrs. Vernon," said he, "has sent me to fetch you away; she is tired and wishes to leave."

"Nonsense! At this time of night? What a shame!"

"Well, you must come and speak to her. This gentleman will, I am sure, excuse you."

Scott took Lillian on his arm.

"Frank, this is perfectly absurd in a chaperon. Chaperons ought to possess iron constitutions. Why, I've a dozen more dances on my list. They've begun my favorite galop. It's too bad! Mrs. Vernon may go if she likes, I shall crave protection of somebody else. Mrs. Cowper must pass our house. Why, this is the galop we were to dance together—I hate to miss a note of the music—you go and speak to Mrs. Vernon, and come back as quickly as possible."

They were then on the staircase, and Lillian turned to go back to the drawing-room.

Scott took her hand—

"The truth is, Lillian, they've sent for us to go home."

He spoke very gravely.

"Go home! Why?"

She looked anxiously in her cousin's face.

"Frank, is there any news from India?"

"A telegram has just arrived—it's in the evening papers—Westby heard of it where he was dining—he went immediately to your house, and they asked him to come and fetch us away."

"Something has happened to Fred!" she exclaimed, in sudden terror, clinging to her cousin's arm. "Why, he was to have left Calcutta for England a week ago!"

Westby was standing at the foot of the staircase, she saw there were tears in his eyes—tears in Westby's stern eyes!

The sound of the music and the tread of the dance were perfectly audible where they stood.

"You need not tell me," she said, calmly. "I know he is dead." Then with agonized revulsion, "Oh, that horrible music!" and she strove to close out the sound with her hands violently pressed to her ears.

In another moment the sound had ceased, her hands fell from her head—Scott supported her in his arms.

"For Heaven's sake, Westby," he whispered, "make them stop that infernal dance till we get out of the house."

Westby took a few turns up and down the solitary parade in face of the sea, a dirge sounded in the beating of the waves on the shingle—solemn music in unison with his thoughts. The ball room had jarred him terribly, and to have to linger there in the midst of all the gaiety—but his heart had utterly failed him when he would have spoken to Lillian, and he was forced to confide the task to Scott. The telegram gave but scanty information about the death of Temple. "Captain Temple who had volunteered his services was mortally wounded—since dead."

He had died nobly, that was clear—dying doubtless as he had lived, ever ready to face danger—true-hearted, and honest, and outspoken.

"Good God!" exclaimed Westby, "that this girl Lillian should be his sister!"

CHAPTER X.

OLD AND NEW.

It was a mighty help and staff of comfort to Lillian amid the sorrow for her brother's death, that declaration of faith in her character which Frank Scott had made. She was deeply, deeply grateful to him. On the word of another she was not as weak and mean and trivial as she had imagined, and she clung desperately to that assurance, for it seemed to give her the power of worthily mourning her brother's noble death. She had indeed fallen low, but it was within the capacity of her soul to be noble and true.—She was not forced to stand afar off and mourn for one whose nature was alien to hers, feeling that her miserable insignificance had naught in common with his nobleness. They were brother and sister, the same flesh and blood, yes, of like natures, though he had acted nobly, and she ignobly, in the fight of life.

But by God's help she could rise to him. She might dwell on all his nobleness with the exulting thought that she could make that nobleness her own.

Mind, I am giving a sister's estimate of

Frederick Temple's character—he had acted nobly, as thousands act, but affection specialises where the world only generalises.

Balsam of comfort, prepared according to divers prescriptions, was offered to Lillian by zealous friends, but those words of Frank Scott, spoken for the furtherance of his own ends, were her only consolation.

Five months had elapsed since the intelligence of death had arrived, but there came a second season of mourning when the personal property, personal belongings of Frederick Temple, arrived in England.

These things were brought under the care of an old friend and comrade of Temple, Captain Milton, who had been present at his death.

The Temple family had the deepest interest in seeing Captain Milton, for although they had received several letters of condolence from friends in India, Captain Milton's letters had unfortunately failed to reach them, and he alone was capable of giving a minute account of all that had occurred at the last.

Captain Milton greatly regretted the loss of his letters: he had written also, he said, to Mr. Westby—had they heard whether Mr. Westby had received the letter?

"He would no doubt have told us had he heard from you," replied Lillian. "We have not seen him lately, but he is perfectly aware how very anxious we have been to receive accounts from you."

Captain Milton appeared particularly disappointed that Westby had not received his letter: he expressed himself to that effect, and frequently reverted to the subject.—Rather unnecessarily, indeed, as both Lillian and her mother thought, because, after all, the letter which they had lost was far more important.

Lillian hung with breathless interest on every word of Captain Milton's narrative; the whole sad scene arose before her eyes in vivid colors, created by her sympathetic heart: he spoke, indeed, with the utmost feeling, but with the plain, unaffected language of everyday life, carrying intense reality in every syllable.

There was a great contrast to be observed in the effect of the narrative on the two women who listened to it. Mrs. Temple strove against sorrow bursting into violent outward manifestation; with Lillian, though tears stood in her eyes, sorrow was half merged in a higher feeling—admiration.

It was in truth a very noble eulogy which Captain Temple pronounced on Frederick Temple. How his nature had been tested to the full by the difficulties and privations of the campaign, and how his generosity and self-denial had been eminent through all the trial.

"I have known many a man," said Captain Milton, "who was generous enough and openhanded when his generosity cost him no personal sacrifice; but your brother was always ready to share or give up any comforts which he might possess to others who often-times really wanted them in no greater degree than he did himself."

And as Lillian listened, strange new thoughts arose in her mind; the events of life were a new aspect, her old estimate of human things looked poor and mean—nothing seemed worth caring for which had not some greatness for its object, some sacrifice needful for its attainment.

Then Captain Milton spoke of Frederick Temple's bravery; how he was ever ready to face danger calm and undaunted; how he strove against bodily weakness to hold his post. From the time he received the wound at Delhi he was changed, no longer his old spirits—only when he was at the head of his men did the brightness of his nature return. He had become very weak and had been ordered home by the doctors, but nothing could stop his joining that desperate expedition at the last as a volunteer.

It was the old story which Captain Milton told; a handful outmatched by hundreds, yet crowned with victory; the old story which we have heard many a time, thank God for it, who has given such a mighty power to our race.

"When the doctor told me that nothing could be done to save him, I couldn't help expressing a regret that he should have joined us in his weak state instead of going down to Calcutta as he had been ordered by the medical board, for no doubt his previous weakness was the great bar to his recovery."

"No, no, old boy," he answered, raising his voice with effort. "I had my commands from headquarters, and I was forced to obey. As I was lying ill before Delhi a crowd of new thoughts crept into my head—strange thoughts: it was a call from God, that's what it was. I was never much of a hand at praying, I was not told to do that,—I should have made a bad business of it. I was called to the work I was best fitted for. It was my sword God wanted, I was told that as plainly as I'm telling you. Didn't we want cavalry, and somebody to lead those fellows? Could we have spared a single man? I felt quite strong again as I rode along, something supported me all through the day; I know what that was. Nothing could harm me till the work was over. My work was done when we had taken those guns. I wasn't wanted after that."

Frederick Temple had directed that his sword should be given to Lillian.

"He told me to give it to you in your own hands," said Captain Milton, "and I promised him faithfully to do so."

Captain Milton unsheathed the sword, and, coming to where Lillian sat, placed the sword in her hands, hilt and blade.

She felt a cold tremor as she touched the steel, and a feeling of solemnity gathered round her—a solemnity deep beyond all church experiences, though they were sitting in their well-ordered drawing-room, and the narrative to which they listened was couched in ordinary language, without the slightest affectation of Scriptural phraseology. Surrounded by all the associations of pleasant worldly

existence, and yet as Lillian passed her lips to the steel, the old world seemed to shift from her gaze, and those ideas of duty and effort which had been little more than dreamy abstractions in the background of her thoughts burst forward into solid existence.

It only needed some one, clothed with authority, to stand before her and pronounce that such an act was right to be done, and such a sacrifice endured, and she would have obeyed.

She felt armed for a great effort, but nothing was asked of her—every-day life, with its pleasantly-ordered arrangements, stood her existence; her own in any shape would be waiting their pleasure, if they chose it, to drive in the park, then home to dress for dinner. It appeared very incongruous that to such spiritual exultation should and so tamely. Nevertheless, if there was nothing absolutely to be done, Lillian could at least fashion out a future more worthy than the past; she would not add her old random fickle way; she would come to act on more impulse, accepting rather the guidance of reason and conscience.

In her own small humble way she might still be worthy of being his sister, though it might be she would never be called on to make the efforts he had made. She thought thus as she sat quietly in her own room, tracing the dim on the edge of the sword, and musing on the tale they told of danger, and bravery, and heroism.

But there was a duty to be performed. A letter had arrived that very morning, containing an offer from Frank Scott. By one fortunate chance he had won his way to her heart—he had raised her up when she was utterly cast down by the words of Westby, and her sense of their truth, and in the sudden revulsion of her feelings she had turned with gratitude towards him.

Not one word of love had escaped his lips from the period of their momentous conversation up to the present time, yet he had been staying in their house during the season of their deepest sorrow, associated with them in their grief, and showing the truest sympathy by quiet words and acts. She felt through all this that he was loving her. It was so natural, as he was living with them, that she should like to talk with him of the subject most at her heart, the recollections of her brother, and once or twice almost unconsciously she had declared how deep was the consolation she had derived from his words of assurance.

She appreciated too the delicacy with which he avoided all approach to the subject which was evidently dearest to him, and she could not help perceiving that a greater earnestness was developed in his character, and that he seemed to be taking a deeper interest in his profession, and other duties of life.

Frank Scott had left them for a while to attend to some property belonging to him in the country, and he had chosen the opportunity to make his offer in writing. He was of course unaware that Captain Milton had arrived in England.

The campaign in Western Virginia, which was supposed ended, has reopened by a sudden advance of the rebels against Gen. Rosecrans at Gauley Bridge. The rebels have been intimating that this position of the army was to be reinforced, and doubtless the find themselves now sufficiently strong to stand the point where these occurrences happened. The Gauley and New rivers come together forming the Great Kanawha. The valley is very mountainous, the hills on all sides looming up fully 500 feet, and the water course almost entirely covering the valleys, so that there is not room in many places for even a wagon road. The Union forces are encamped where the bridge formerly stood, about 300 yards above the confluence of the two rivers. Tuesday, no definite reports appear to have been obtained. The rebels had three batteries of two guns each, commanding the wagon road which supplies Rosecrans. The latter had received a battery of ten Parrott ten pounders, and at present seems to be acting entirely on the defensive, though Gen. Benham is reported to have crossed the river in pursuance of the original intention of taking the rebels in the rear.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour has ruled dull, and only about 5000 bbls found buyers. The market for Meal is also dull, at \$5.03½ for superfine, the latter for good straight brands, which are scarce; \$5.75 to \$5.87½ for extra, and \$6 for family. The bulk of the sales are of extra and extra family, the latter of which appears to have been obtained. The market of that description. The sales to the trade have also been moderate within the above range of quotations for superfine and extra and from \$5.25 to 7.50 per bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. GRAIN.—The market for wheat is steady at \$3.87½ to 4.13½ per bbl, the latter for better brands. Corn meal is quiet, with a small sale of Penna Meal only to note at \$3.80 per bbl. Buckwheat is quiet at \$1.75 to \$2.00 per bushel.

GRAIN.—The market for wheat is steady, supplied with Wheat, and prices, owing to the less favorable foreign news, fell of 2½¢ to 3½¢, with sales of 75,000 bush to note at \$1.35, to 1.35 for common to good and choice, and extra and Penna red at \$1.35 to 1.38 for Southern and \$1.35 to 1.38 for the latter for prime Kentucky. Rice is steady, with further sales of 8000 bush at 71¢ to 72¢ for Penna, and 66¢ to 67¢ for Southern. Corn has been in fair demand, with sales of yellow 5000 bush disposed of at 60¢ to 61½¢ in store, and 63¢ to 64¢ for extra, including some small lots of new at 50¢. Oats are steady, with sales of 40,000 bush at 36¢ for prime Delaware coast, and 35¢ to 36¢ for the latter for prime. Barley is quiet with further sales of New York at 72¢ to 73¢, and Maryland at 55¢. Of Beans, some small sales of white are reported at \$1.50 to \$1.75 per bush.

MEAT.—The market for meat is moving off as wanted at about \$15, and Mess Beef at \$12 to \$13 per bbl, the latter for city packed. Of Bacon the sales are limited at 7½¢ to 8¢ for plain and fancy Hams, 6½¢ to 7½¢ for sides, and 5½¢ to 6½¢ for shoulders. The market for lard is also quiet, and exhausted, and the sales small at 55¢ to 56¢ for shoulders in salt; 1800 boxes Middles sold for future delivery on terms peculiar to each. Lard is moving off slowly at 9½¢ to 10¢ for tierces, cash and time, and 10½¢ to 11½¢ for 50 lb tubs. Butter is in light. Butter is dull, and packed neglected at 8¢; roll sales at 11 to 12¢, the latter for prime; 25,000 lbs Grease brought 6½¢. Cheese is dull at 6½¢ to 7½¢, the latter in a small way. Eggs are at 18¢ to 19¢ per dozen.

COTTON.—The stock is very much reduced, and holders have put up their prices fully 1¢ to 1½¢, and about 2000 bales have changed hands at 38¢ to 39¢ for low grade to middling and good middling.

ASHES are steady, with a small business to note in Pots and Pearls at quotations.

BARK.—There is very little Querciron offering, and further sales of the former No 1 were made at \$28 to \$30 per ton, mostly in the former state. Tanners' Bark is unchanged, with limited receipts and sales.

BEEF AND YELL.—The market for Beef and Yellow is quiet, with sales of 2000 bush at 12 to 13¢.

COAL.—Prices are well maintained and firm, and the demand both for shipment and home use is fair for the season. The scarcity of vessels, however, has a tendency to check business. The market for coal is also quiet, and holders of stock, but buyers come forward slowly, and purchase only to supply their immediate wants. Sales of about 1000 bags Rio are reported, partly to come from another market, and from 15¢ to 16½¢ for the latter, and prime quality, mostly at 16¢, on the usual credit.

COPPER.—Sheathing moves off slowly at 24¢ to 25¢ per lb. Yellow Metal continues in steady demand, and sells at 19¢ to 20¢, on time, which is an advance.

FEATHERS are dull, good Western moving off in lots as wanted, at 38¢ to 40¢ per lb.

FRUIT continues scarce and high, but the demand for both Apples and Peaches is limited, and the market for the former is also quiet. Apples sell as wanted at from 22¢ to 33½¢, and Cranberries at 80¢ to 90¢ per bush, as to quality.

HAY is inactive and good Timothy is selling at 53¢ to 55¢ the 100 lbs as to lots.

IRON.—The market for pig iron is rather dull, and holders of stock have put them out of the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS continue dull, with limited sales of Eastern and Western at 18¢ to 25¢ per lb.

IRON.—The market for pig iron is rather dull, and holders of stock have put them out of the hands of the manufacturers.

LEAD continues scarce and on the advance; 25000 pigs Galena sold in a neighboring market at 5½¢ to 6½¢ per lb to come here.

LARD is more active, but the sales are limited in a small way at 11½¢ to 13½¢ for White, 11¢ to 12¢ for Yellow Soap, and 11½¢ to 12½¢ for Laths.

MOLASSES is quiet, but firm, with a small sale of 2000 bush at 12 to 13¢.

PLASTER is arriving and selling slowly at \$2.25 to \$2.50 per ton for soft.

RICE continues dull. There is little or no stock in first hands, and the sales are limited at 14 to 15¢ per bush.

SEEDS are quiet, and prime Cloverseed is selling with further small receipts and sales mostly at 14.50 to 15¢ per bush. Timothy is dull, and quoted at 11 to 12½¢ per bush. Flaxseed comes in from California, and the sales are limited at 11 to 12½¢ per bush. Grounds have further advanced at the East; 3000 bags sold here on terms we could not learn.

SPIRITS.—There is very little doing in Brandy, Gin, and holders of the former still are in their prime at 31 to 32¢ per gallon. Whiskey is firmer with sales of bbls at 21 to 22½¢ per gallon, and 21¢, and drudge at 20 to 21¢.

SUGARS.—The market closes with a better feeling, but the week's sales have been limited to small lots, mostly Cuba, at 8½¢ to 9½¢ per lb. on time.

TALLOW is scarce and wanted at an advance. Tallow rendered is quoted at 9½¢ to 9¾¢, and country at 8½¢ to 8¾¢ per lb, without much doing in the way of small lots.

TOBACCO.—There is very little movement in leaf or Manufactured, the want of stock and the high views of holders limiting operations. The market for leaf tobacco is also quiet, and continues active at fully former rates, and large sales of both foreign and domestic are reported at from 10 to 12¢ for the former, and from 45 to 55¢ to 60¢ for the latter, mostly net cash, including some good tub Wool at the highest figures.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2500 head. The market realized from \$2.00 to \$2.25 per lb. 1000 Cows brought from \$20 to \$25 per head. 4500 Sheep were sold at from 6 to 7½¢ per lb. net. 1500 Hogs sold at from

Wit and Humor.

THE IMPERTURBABLE WITNESS.

A man by the name of Parker, had been sued upon an open account which he denied owing, and it rested upon the plaintiff, Glan, to prove the indebtedness.

A queer sort of genius named Brimion, who made a precarious living by hunting and doing odd jobs as occasion required, was subpoenaed by Glan as his witness.

The proceedings of the Court were conducted, as might be supposed, in rather a familiar way; the judge, though a man of great natural firmness, was very little disposed to be very exacting in his demands upon the understanding of mere forms, and so long as no legal principle was invaded and his dinner hour not interfered with by business, everything was as easy and comfortable as possible.

"After a day of more than usual excitement, when there had really been something before the Court which called forth legal acumen in the pleadings, having put the judge up to his metal; in other words, after a hard day's work had been performed, and judge, lawyers, attending jurymen, and witnesses had really become fatigued and hungry, as the judge was on the point of ordering an adjournment of the Court, the landlord of the tavern having openly announced in Court that a dinner of fat venison was on the table, at the particular moment Mr. Sharp, Glan's lawyer, rose and said:

"May I please your Honor, my client, Mr. Glan, wishes to prove an account. The only witness in the case is present, if the Court please to hear the testimony, which will but consume a moment."

"The judge, impatient as he was for the dinner, hesitated for a moment, and consented. The case was called, 'Glan vs. Parker; the witness Brimion was put on the stand, the lawyers and spectators stood around hats in hand; the judge in the act of leaving the Court had actually put on his hat, and removed it to hear the testimony which would only 'take a moment.'

"Brimion, meantime, was duly sworn, and asked in a familiar way what he knew about the disputed account; but instead of promptly answering he stood still, looked severely and reproachfully at the spectators who were bustling about, and finally, by staring all present into silence, the judge absolutely settling back in his chair as if suddenly impressed with the idea that he, too, must be profoundly attentive. This having been accomplished, Brimion commenced as follows:—

"It was a beautiful evening—I shall never forget that evening. The sun was setting in the west, where there was a very curious cloud, funnel-shaped, with a large head to it, and then sort of coming down to a little end—it was, in fact, a rail beautiful evening."

"When the witness had proceeded thus far, the counsel for the defence, much to the gratification of all present, pettishly exclaimed,

"Mr. Brimion, we do not wish to know anything about the 'beautiful evening' or anything of the sort; please tell us what you know about this account"—at the same time rudely shoving Parker's bill into the witness's face. At this gross breach of decorum on the part of the lawyer Brimion showed no resentment, but after remaining silent a minute or more, with increased impressiveness he began:—

"It was a beautiful evening—I shall never forget that evening. The sun was setting in the west, where there was a very curious cloud, funnel-shaped, with a large head to it, and then sort of coming down to a little end—it was, in fact, a rail beautiful evening, and I thought I might as well go a huntin', so says I, 'Boss'—you know Boss; he is a short-tailed dog with crop ears, and as good a dog as any in the country—so having called up Boss, and found he was all right, I got down my gun (it's about thirty inches in the bar!), and thought I'd lie the locks, though they work like hair-tiggers; so I lied the locks, and started for the stubble-field, owned by old Squire Todman—

"By this time the symptoms of impatience on the part of the bystanders were openly expressed, and Glan's lawyer, no longer able to restrain himself at the proximity of his own witness, jumped on his feet and begged the judge to order Brimion to give a more direct answer to a simple question. The judge thereupon nodded his head to the imperturbable Brimion, who, having stopped the moment he was interrupted until perfect silence was obtained, began:—

"It was a beautiful evening—I shall never forget that evening. The sun was setting in the west, where there was a very curious cloud, funnel-shaped, with a large head to it, and then sort of coming down to a little end—it was, in fact, a rail beautiful evening, and I thought I might as well go a huntin', so says I, 'Boss'—you know Boss; he is a short-tailed dog with crop ears, and as good a dog as any in the country—so having called up Boss, and found he was all right, I got down my gun (it's about thirty inches in the bar!), and thought I'd lie the locks, though they work like hair-tiggers; so I lied the locks, and started for the stubble-field, owned by old Squire Todman—the one he was going to build the gin-house on, but didn't—well, after walking 'bout a while, with Boss just a little ahead, his ears forward, and his tail (what's left of it) a waggin', what should I do but tumble over by catching my foot in some long grass, which acted like a shin hopple—but I was no use, and I was going to give up the hunt, when I stood ahead a partridge, just beyond a stump, a pluming himself in the old dry ravine that takes across the road—whereat, says I—

"At this moment the landlord rushed into the court-room and announced that the venison was getting cold (it was a December day), and wanted to know 'if the Court wouldn't adjourn soon, if he hadn't better put the saddle down by the fire.' At this interruption Brimion again stopped, rolled his large vacant eyes over on the landlord, and after the restoration of a fearful silence proceeded:—

"It was a beautiful evening—I shall never forget that evening. The sun was setting in the west, where there was a very curious cloud, funnel-shaped, with a large head to it,



THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Adolphus, George and Louisa are out walking with the nurse. Meeting the family doctor unexpectedly, the children go through the expressive pantomime of putting out their tongues, as a matter of course.

and then sort of coming down to a little end—it was, in fact, a rail beautiful evening, and I thought I might as well go a huntin', so says I, 'Boss'—you know Boss; he is a short-tailed dog with crop ears, and as good a dog as any in the country—so having called up Boss, and found he was all right, I got down my gun (it's about thirty inches in the bar!), and thought I'd lie the locks, though they work like hair-tiggers; so I lied the locks, and started for the stubble-field, owned by old Squire Todman—the one he was going to build the gin-house on, but didn't—well, after walking 'bout a while, with Boss just a little ahead, his ears forward, and his tail (what's left of it) a waggin', what should I do but tumble over by catching my foot in some long grass, which acted like a shin hopple—but I was no use, and I was going to give up the hunt, when I stood ahead a partridge, just beyond a stump, a pluming himself in the old dry ravine that takes across the road—whereat, says I, Boss, says I, do you see that bird? and I'll be hanged if the dog didn't come to a pint. At this I lied down, and crept along, sometimes flat and sometimes on my knees, but along I crept, Boss all the while lying low; by-and-by I cum up to the partridge, and if it wasn't after all a piece of red bark I'm blowed! Whereupon I brushed the smashed grass and mud off my knees and elbows, and, says I, Boss—

"The pressure had now become fearful, and there was a spontaneous movement among the crowd, some members of it going so far as to cough and scrape their feet, when the judge, evidently desirous to facilitate proceedings, very courteously leaned forward and begged that the witness would be allowed to tell his story in his own way. Brimion hereat quietly turned toward the bench, and clearing his voice said:—

"It was a beautiful evening—

"At the repetition of this statement the judge fell back exhausted, and putting on a severe expression, delivered himself thus:—

"Gentlemen, I beg that you will not interrupt the witness; I ask this as a personal favor. The witness will please go on." At this hint Brimion smiled benignly, as if he were conferring a great favor on the bench, the lawyers, and the spectators, and then with a voice sweeter and slower than ever, and amidst a stillness that was to the last degree painful, he proceeded:—

"It was a beautiful evening—I shall never forget that evening. The sun was setting in the west, where there was a very curious cloud, funnel-shaped, with a large head to it, and then sort of coming down to a little end—it was, in fact, a rail beautiful evening, and I thought I might as well go a huntin', so says I, 'Boss'—you know Boss; he is a short-tailed dog with crop ears, and as good a dog as any in the country—so having called up Boss, and found he was all right, I got down my gun (it's about thirty inches in the bar!), and thought I'd lie the locks, though they work like hair-tiggers; so I lied the locks, and started for the stubble-field, owned by old Squire Todman—the one he was going to build the gin-house on, but didn't—well, after walking 'bout a while, with Boss just a little ahead, his ears forward, and his tail (what's left of it) a waggin', what should I do but tumble over by catching my foot in some long grass, which acted like a shin hopple—but I was no use, and I was going to give up the hunt, when I stood ahead a partridge, just beyond a stump, a pluming himself in the old dry ravine that takes across the road—whereat, says I, Boss, says I, do you see that bird? and I'll be hanged if the dog didn't come to a pint. At this I lied down, and crept along, sometimes flat and sometimes on my knees, but along I crept, Boss all the while lying low; by-and-by I cum up to the partridge, and if it wasn't after all a piece of red bark I'm blowed! Whereupon I brushed the smashed grass and mud off my knees and elbows, and says I, Boss, if we ain't a parcel of darned fools, then your tail's a yard long, if it ain't longer; whereat I got out of the field in double quick time, and clomb over into the road, and met Parker (turning toward the defendant), who said to me, says he, 'What, Brimion, you out huntin'?' And I said, 'Not much'—so Parker and I walked up the road, and he said he just seen Glan, who threatened to sue him for his bill of twenty dollars; that while he didn't deny owing the bill, he didn't like to be sued."

"The truth was out at last, and the painfully excited crowd fairly shouted with delight—the lawyers at the same time rubbed their hands, and the judge heaved a deep sigh, as if he were suddenly relieved of a fearful responsibility. In the general confusion that followed Brimion was energetically invited down from the stand by a dozen voices; and to this day it is a marvel among all who heard his testimony how he necessarily connected the beautiful evening, the partridge hunt, and the fact that he heard Parker acknowledge that he owed Glan money on an open account."—*Harper's Magazine.*

BARNUM'S LAST STORY.—Barnum is always ready with a good story. His "latest" is the following, which is told of Elias Howe, Jr., who has been very active in fitting out regiments for the war. Mr. Howe has spent thousands of dollars in this way, and taken so great an interest in military affairs, that he has had but little time to attend to anything else.

One day, a very worthy Connecticut deacon called upon the gentleman, with a subscription list. He wanted Mr. Howe to give something towards erecting a new church.

"A new church," replied Howe, "ah, a new church. I don't think I can give anything, because I am spending all my spare money for the war. Can think of nothing else."

The deacon looked despondent. Mr. Howe seemed firm in his determination not to give a "red." At last he asked the deacon what the new church was to be called.

"The Church of St. Peter, sir," was the reply. "Ah, the Church of St. Peter," replied Howe. "Well, as St. Peter was the only fighting apostle in the lot, I guess I'll have to give him something. But I can't do much even for St. Peter, as my time and money must be almost entirely devoted to St. Peter."

A GOOD PACKER.—The Washington correspondent of the Bridgeport Standard writes:—

Our hotels are full. An officer on asking for his bill a few days ago, found that a quart of wine was charged, when he had had but a pint. He took exceptions to the items. Landlord was incorrigible—said there never was any mistake about the wine bills. Officer paid it, went to his room to pack his carpet-bag. Having made purchases, his bag was too full to get in an extra pair of boots. Landlord was sent for—came. Says the officer, "I can't get these boots, sir, into this blamed bag." Landlord—"If you can't I am sure I can't." Officer—"Yes you can—for a man who can put a quart of wine into a pint bottle, can put these boots into that bag." Landlord cancelled the whole bill and returned the amount.

AN OLD MAID'S LOVE RECOLLECTIONS.

How pretty and fresh our home was then, in the valley yonder! He was our neighbor's son, and honest, and industrious, and handsome. No one now-a-days is half so handsome. People may be offended with me if they like, but so it is; but he, I cannot name his name, though every one knows, all the same, that he was called Anton Striegler. He was resolved to go travel, and so he put off to foreign parts with foreign merchandise; and by the brookside he took leave of me, and said—"Frances, so long as that brook runs, I will be faithful and true at heart to you, and be the same to me." He could say all these fine words, and write them down too; that is the way with these false men; I never could have believed it. In the course of four years I got seventeen letters from him—from France, England and Spain. The letter from England cost me, at the time, a crown dollar, for it came at the moment when Napoleon did not choose to receive either foreign letters or coffee; so our pastor said the letter had come round from Constantinople and Austria, but at all events, it cost a whole crown dollar. For a long, long time after, I never got one. I waited fourteen years, then I heard he had married a black woman in Spain. I never wanted to hear any more of the bad man, and none could be worse. And then I took out of my drawer the fine letters, the fine lying letters that he had written to me, and I burned them all, my love going off with them in smoke up the chimney.—*German Pastorals.*

THE JUG.—The jug is a most singular utensil. A pall, tumbler, or decanter can be rinsed, and you may satisfy yourself by optical proof that it is clean; but the jug has but a little hole in the top, and the interior is all darkness. No eye penetrates it; no hand moves the surface. You can clean it only by putting in water, shaking it up and pouring it out. If the water comes out clean, you judge you have succeeded in cleaning the jug, and vice versa. Hence the jug is like the human heart. No mortal can ever look into its recesses, and you can judge only of its purity by what comes from it.

"PRESENTLY."

Never say you will do presently what your reason or conscience tells you should be done now. No man ever shaped his own destiny, or the destinies of others, wisely and well, who dealt much in presenties. Look at Nature; she never postpones. When the time arrives for the buds to open, they open—for the leaves to fall, they fall. Look upward; the shining worlds never put off their rising or their settings. The comets even, erratic as they are, keep their appointments, and eclipses are always punctual to the minute. There are no delays in any of the movements of the universe which have been predetermined by the absolute fiat of the Creator.—Procrastination among the stars might involve the destruction of innumerable systems; procrastination in the operations of nature on this earth might result in famine, pestilence, and the blotting out of the human race. Man, however, being a free agent, can postpone the performance of his duty—and he does so, frequently, to his own destruction. The drafts drawn by indolence upon the Future are pretty sure to be dishonored. Make Now your banker. Do not say you will economize presently, for presently you may be bankrupt; nor that you will repent or make atonement presently, for presently you may be judged. Bear in mind the important fact, taught alike by the history of nations, rulers and private individuals, that in at least three cases out of five, presently is TOO LATE.

If "all the world's a stage," many a chap of our acquaintance would like mightily to be the stage-driver.

Agricultural.

WHEN TO CUT A PIG YOKE.

The Rochester Daily Union relates the following anecdote of one of the most successful business men of this state:—

"When young, he was a farmer, and at one time wished to hire a man for general farm work. It was not long before a hale and stalwart fellow presented himself as a candidate for the place; when the young farmer set about an examination of his qualifications. 'Are you used to ploughing?' 'Oh, yes; have followed the plough-tail for years.' 'Understand mowing and cradling?' 'Perfectly; won't allow any man to beat me at either.' 'Can you and would you be willing to help folks when it is too rainy for the women folks to go to the yard?' 'Certainly; can milk a cow as quick as any gal on the premises; and expect to turn my hand to anything.' 'Well—well—that's all very satisfactory; but there's just one thing more: do you know when is the best time to cut a pig yoke?' That was a stumper. Candidate scratched his head in deep thought for a moment and replied, 'he was not quite sure; but he guessed the winter was the best time.' 'No, sir, that isn't it,' said the young farmer. 'You won't do me; I won't have a man around me that don't know when to cut a pig yoke.'"

Candidates number two and number three presented themselves successively, and went through the same inquisitorial process triumphantly, until they came to the fatal question—"Do you know when is the best time to cut a pig yoke?" And on that they both failed—number two answering 'the full moon in June'; and number three being decidedly of opinion that the best time was 'when the sap is out of the wood.' Both were rejected.

Number four, like his predecessors, went through the 'preliminary examination' swimmingly; when up comes the test question: 'Do you know when is the best time to cut a pig yoke?' Candidate hangs his head in a brown study; but after a little time for reflection, he answered in a half-doubting, half-confident tone: 'Well, that's a matter I never thought on much; but I should say the best time to cut a pig yoke was when you come across one.' 'That's it—that's it,' quoth the farmer in delight; 'you're the man for me.' And he relates that that man always proved equal to any emergency in which he was placed."

[We do not see much good sense in the above, but perhaps our readers will.]

A CHEAP CISTERN.

Two years ago the coming month, I dug a hole for a cistern, 9 feet deep—9 feet across at the top, and 7 feet across two feet below the surface—this left a shoulder or breach into which I placed two timbers for beams, and on these plank for a covering immediately over the cistern. A mason plastered it with Rosendale hydraulic cement, directly on the earth. It has never been dry since four weeks after it was finished, and according to my figures, holds nearly 60 barrels. It is perfectly tight now, except the spout and manhole. It has never leaked out nor in. No surface water can drain in, and had I known how cheap, and with how little trouble it could be made, I should have had one long before.

The cost was as follows:—

1 bbl. Rosendale cement,	\$4.00
1 day plastering and board,	1.75
1½ day in digging and board,	1.50
100 feet lumber,	1.00
My time, nails, &c.,	1.50
Total cost of cistern,	\$9.75

The sand was mixed with the cement—only as fast as used—2 parts of sand to 1 of cement. There are sixty feet of gutter to my house.

JOHN C. BISHOP.

Box du Lac Co., Wis.

REMARKS.—The above cheap method of making cisterns is much used in this region, and they generally do well where there is a firm hard soil to plaster upon. When locust poles and flag-stones to lay on them can be obtained for the covering, it may be placed two feet or more under ground. The locust timber will last a century. Red cedar is also pretty durable.—*Ed. American Agriculturist.*

RELATIVE VALUE OF SUBSTANCES FOR PRODUCING MILK.—Several French and German chemists estimate the relative value of several kinds of food for milch cows according to the following table: that 100 lbs. of good hay are worth

200 lbs. Potatoes.	490
" Beetroot, with the leaves.	350
" Siberian Cabbage.	250
" Beetroot, without the leaves.	250
" Carrots.	80
" Hay, Clover, Spanish Trefoil, or Vetches.	50
" Oil-cake, or Colza.	350
" Pea Straw and Vetches.	300
" Barley or Oat straw.	400
" Rye or Wheat-straw.	25
" Peas, Beans, or Vetch-seed.	50
" Oats.	500
" Green Trefoil, Spanish Trefoil, or Vetches.	

A NEW RACE OF CATTLE.—According to Belgian journals, M. Dutrone, one of the most distinguished cattle-breeders of France, has succeeded, after twenty years' trial, in producing a bovine race without horns, which carried the first prize at the great cattle-show of Poissy, in 1854. A cow of this species, which had been raised on the farm of the King of Belgium at Laken, near Brussels, was killed lately in the latter town, in presence of the professors of the veterinary school, and the surgeons of the public slaughter-house. The report of these gentlemen confirms the fact that the quantity, both of suet and meat, was much more considerable than that of the ordinary cattle.

A NATURAL CURIOSITY.—A correspondent of the *Irish Standard* says:—"Upon the farm of C. C. Hardy, Esq., in Glover, Vt., stand two maple trees about eight feet apart, and each six or eight inches in diameter. At the height of seven feet they approach together, forming a complete arch through which five men can walk side by side, and are there knit together solidly, with no irregularity or confusion. From thence upward, to the distance of nearly or quite fifty feet, they form but one solid, compact tree, with no unnatural seam, bur, or rift."

HOG CHOLERA.—The hog cholera has been raging lately in certain parts of Illinois. A Mr. J. D. Smith, of Berlin, lost over one hundred hogs by this terrible malady, after which he was induced to try the efficacy of tar as a remedy. It was administered with a paddle, or spread upon corn, and proved to be the means of almost certain cure.

Useful Receipts.

CURD MILK PUDDING.—Put in a basin three eggs, a little grated lemon-peel, three ounces of currants, one pint of curds, and one pound of bread-crumbs, boil in a cloth half an hour; turn out and serve.—*Sayer.*

SUET PUDDING.—Put into a basin half a pound of chopped suet, a pound of flour, two eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, quarter of a one of pepper, nearly half a pint of water: beat all well together, put into a cloth as above; boil one hour and a half.—*Sayer.*

BREAD PUDDING.—An economical one, when eggs are dear. Cut some bread and butter very thin, place it in a pie-dish as lightly as possible, till three parts full; break into a basin one egg, add two teaspoonfuls of flour, three of brown sugar; mix all well together, add to it, by degrees, a pint of milk and a little salt; pour over the bread; bake in an oven; it will take about half an hour. This will make a nice-sized pudding for four or five persons.

It may be done in twenty different ways, by varying the flavor of the ingredients, as lemon-peel, orange-peel, nutmeg, cinnamon, or mixed spice, or essences of any kind. For children, skim-milk, or half milk and water, dates, or French plums, or figs, previously soaked and cut, may be added; they are excellent for the juveniles.—*Sayer.*

BROWN BREAD PUDDING, the same way.—*Sayer.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
I am composed of 22 letters.
My 1, 9, 7, 5, 10, was a city in China.
My 2, 6, 22, 17, 2, 12, is a mountain in Africa.
My 3, 6, 8, 2, 30, 12, is a lake in Asia.
My 4, 16, 18, 22, is a gulf in Europe.
My 5, 12, 10, 21, 22, is a group of islands in the Mediterranean Sea.
My 6, 8, 19, 6, 2, 18, 12, is a city in Michigan.
My 7, 12, 7, 12, 20, 12, 17, is a lake in China.
My 8, 9, 20, 4, 12, is a cape on the Atlantic Ocean in the United States.
My 9, 11, 5, 9, is a county in Ohio.
My 10, 21, 12, 9, 11, is a river in Africa.
My 11, 19, 13, 20, 9, 12, 17, 12, is a river in South America.
My 12, 12, 4, 7, is a county in Virginia.
My 13, 8, 21, 12, is one of the United States.
My 14, 11, 5, 12, is a cape of Africa.
My 15, 16, 9, 10, 20, 2, is a city in France.
My whole was the name of a distinguished man.
W. T. T.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
I am composed of 23 letters.
My 1, 12, 19, 12, 4, is what the Saviour told His disciples to do.
My 2, 4, 2, 22, 30, is what Jacob hailed upon as he passed over Peniel.
My 5, 17, 18, was called the Valley of Craftsmen.
My 6, 7, 20, 12, 21, was the son of Ammihad.
My 8, 12, 12, 4, 3, was the father of Geseul.
My 9, 12, 19, is what Peter refused to do when flesh was placed before him.
My 10, 11, 12, is what Christ said our conversation should be.
My 14, 12, 21, 22, is a city where Christ performed a miracle.
My 16, 15, 9, 15, was a prophet.

My whole is an important saying which the Saviour told His disciples.
W. T. T.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
In every house from north to south,
My first's most always found;
And with it, too—you'll find it true—
My second doth abound.
In a temperate clime in the summer time,
My whole is always seen,
Bright golden flowers,—just after showers—
In meadows fresh and green.
T. J. T.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
Is a lake in South America.
Is a river in the United States.
Is an island in the Polynesia.
Is a city in Michigan.
Is the capital of a European power.
Is a river in Asia.
Is a town in New Jersey.
Is a gulf in Asia.
Is a town in England.
Is a range of mountains in Asia.
Is a gulf in North America.
Is one of the United States.
My initials form a river; my finals, place of situation.

DIVIDING QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
A father divided a number of apples among his 4 children: to the eldest he gave the one-third of the whole number he had and 1 apple more. To the second he gave one-third of those he had left and 1 apple more. To the third he gave one-third of those he now had left and 1 apple more. And the remaining apples he divided among himself and his fourth child, giving the child 1 apple more than he kept himself. What were the number of apples which he had at first, and how many did each get?
DELTA.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
The slant height of a certain right cone is 35 inches, and the diameter of its base is 14 inches. If an auger hole 6 inches in diameter be bored through this cone, midway between the base and the vertex, (the axis of the hole intersecting the axis of the cone at right angles,) how many cubic inches of it will be consumed?
ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a parasite like a pair of spectacles? Ans.—Because he magnifies small things.
What belongs to yourself and is used by everybody more than yourself? Ans.—Your name.
Why is D like a sailor? Ans.—It follows the sea. (C.)
What is larger for being cut at both ends? Ans.—A ditch.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—Ponder again and again on the divine law, for all things are contained therein. ENIGMA.—The Riddler. CHARADE.—Wormwood. OMISSION.—Harbinal Hamlin.

ARITHMETICAL DEFENCE.—If A. D. Y. will take the trouble to multiply the number of acres, both for A and for B, with the prices paid for them, according to the latter part of my answer given in the Post of August 24th, to his ARITHMETICAL QUESTION published July 6th, he will find that said answer is correct, so far as the places of decimals will permit to express it. And that he was wrong, when, on October 12th, he published said answer as "not correct." And he will also find that he was mistaken again when he declared that my said answer makes A pay "more" than B; when my said furnished answer will not quite reach the \$200, both for A and for B: (wanting for each less than the one-thousandth part of a mill; which I thought was near enough for any practical or arithmetical use.) Moreover, by close inspection, the said A. D. Y. will find that the exact answer to that question can never be fully expressed by numbers, either in decimals or by any so-called vulgar fraction.

That the foregoing of my answer was also proper, may be inferred by Wm. S. Major's also, of deriding the question with that meaning, or else the 30 acres of improved land mentioned in the question would be of no use whatever in his solution. Will A. D. Y. like me to be his questioner? DANIEL KIEFENBACH.

Krautville, Snyder Co., Pa.